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AMARI ALIQUID.

If ever at the fount of joy
 Poor mortal stoops to fill his cup,
 Still longing fresh to his annoy
 A bitter something bubbles up.
 So one sang sadly long ago,
 Sang how the fairest flowers amid,
 E'en where the springs of pleasure flow,
 "Surgit amari aliquid."

And echoing down the vaults of time
 The warning sounds for me and you
 In Latin verse, in English rhyme:
 'Twas true of old, to-day 'tis true.
 Ah, brother! have you not full oft
 Found, even as the Roman did,
 That in life's most delicious draught
 "Surgit amari aliquid"?

You run the race, the battle fight,
 And, eager, seize at last the prize:
 The nectar in its goblet bright
 Is yours to drain 'neath beauty's eyes.
 Yet are these honors out of date,
 They would not come when they were bid:
 The longed-for draught is all too late —
 "Surgit amari aliquid."

Or, haply, in the cruel strife
 You foully thrust a brother down,
 And with his broken heart, or life,
 Purchased your bauble of a crown.
 Wear it; but of remorseful thought
 In vain you struggle to be rid.
 The triumph is too dearly bought —
 "Surgit amari aliquid."

And so the cup is turned to gall,
 The fount polluted at its source,
 Envenomed and embittered all
 By dull regret or keen remorse.
 Well hast thou said, O godless sage!
 From thee not *all* the truth was hid,
 Though ever on thy mighty page
 "Surgit amari aliquid."

Blackwood's Magazine.

GORDON GUN.

A QUIET CORNER.

WHERE giant hills a sheltered vale enfold,
 An old-time farm lies nestling out of sight,
 The red-tiled homestead peeping toward the
 light
 Amid a grove of oaks huge-boughed and old;
 And lichens, through quaint tenderness grown
 bold,
 Run riot o'er the place in silent might,
 And crimson sunset flushes now to-night
 Flash all their greys and yellow into gold.
 Here changes come not, nor a stranger's face;
 The winds indeed seem linked unto the place,
 And bring no news of what the world's
 about;

And as I pass along, in strange surprise
 The very horses in the stalls look out,
 And gaze at me with calmly wondering eyes.

Cassell's Magazine.

G. WEATHERLY.

THE TWO LIGHTS.

"When I'm a man!" is the poetry of youth. "When
 I was young!" is the poetry of old age."

"WHEN I'm a man," the stripling cries,
 And strives the coming years to scan,
 "Ah, then I shall be strong and wise,
 When I'm a man!"

"When I was young," the old man sighs,
 "Bravely the lark and linnet sung
 Their carol under sunny skies,
 When I was young!"

"When I'm a man, I shall be free
 To guard the right, the truth uphold."
 "When I was young I bent no knee
 To power or gold."

"Then shall I satisfy my soul
 With yonder prize, when I'm a man."
 "Too late I found how vain the goal
 To which I ran."

"When I'm a man these idle toys
 Aside forever shall be flung."
 "There was no poison in my joys
 When I was young."

The boy's bright dream is all before,
 The man's romance lies far behind.
 Had we the present and no more,
 Fate were unkind.

But, brother, toiling in the night,
 Still count yourself not all unblest
 If in the east there gleams a light,
 Or in the west.

Blackwood's Magazine.

TRANSLATION OF GOETHE'S "HAIDEN-
 ROSLEIN."

GREW a baby rosebud rare
 Lonely 'mong the heather;
 Morning was not half so fair.
 One looked long who, ling'ring there,
 Fain had looked forever.
 Dainty, wayward, crimson rose;
 Rosebud 'mong the heather.
 "Sweet, I'll steal thee, ay or no!"
 Quoth he, from the heather.
 "Then I'll prick thee," laughed she low,
 "Heedless, heartless — even so,
 Thou'lt think on me ever."
 Rosebud, rosebud; red, red rose;
 Rosebud 'mong the heather.
 Wilful wooers are not slow,
 Rosebud's o'er the heather.
 Thorns can wound till life-drops flow;
 In two hearts a weary woe
 Woke to slumber never.
 Rosebud, rosebud; red, red rose;
 Rosebud 'mong the heather.

Chambers' Journal.

From The Quarterly Review.

THE REFLECTION OF ENGLISH CHARACTER IN ENGLISH ART.*

EVERY great nation has a life of its own, as distinct from the will of the majority of individuals of whom it is temporarily composed, just as the passing moods of the individual himself are separable from his consciousness of his personal identity. We are all of us sensible of the actual existence of a public conscience, though none of us can define precisely wherein it consists. The image of the State was in the mind of Pericles, when he told his hearers "not to view it merely in the abstract, but rather to contemplate it day by day as it actually existed, and to become enamored of it, and, when they felt its greatness, to bear in mind that their ancestors constituted it by their valor, their sense of duty, and their principle of honor in action."† It inspired the bold figure of Demosthenes: "Would you act up to the spirit of your fathers, each one of you jurymen ought to think, when he enters on the judgment of a public cause, that, together with his staff and ticket, he takes upon himself the genius of his country."‡

Two portraits of our own country have lately been presented to us by the hand of a master, which might be entitled respectively "England as it is under the Tories," and "England as it ought to be under the Liberals." In the one she is represented, if we may put it in that shape, under the image of a harriidan, full of the spite and impotence of old age, whose years have only increased her vices, and who not only interferes in all the brawls of her

neighbors, but seeks to exercise a domestic tyranny over the independent families of her adult children. In the other she appears as a respectable grandmother, who, conscious of her age and infirmities, has retired from active participation in the business of life. The painter, with a fine dramatic sense, shows her to us seated on her chalk cliffs, in the warmth of the declining sun. Colonies of grandchildren, in the remote distance, bend an admiring gaze on her majestic decrepitude. She appears to have uttered a dignified remonstrance, for, nearer home, the armed nations of the Continent are seen suddenly dropping their swords and daggers, as the combatants do at the command of the Beefeater in "The Critic." They recognize her as "the tribunal of civilized mankind." Between the two ideals of national life, thus portrayed to them with all the earnestness and indignation of a political Hogarth, the people of England are told that they may make their choice.

Is Mr. Gladstone's representation of Tory policy just? Is his own portrait of England worthy of the subject? He is well aware that to both of these questions his opponents reply with an emphatic negative. Before what tribunal, then, must the question be settled? Undoubtedly before the conscience of the country. Then, as we are to be the judges in our own cause, by what method shall we obtain that true knowledge of ourselves which may enable us to return an impartial verdict? "I know an infallible moral test," replies Mr. Gladstone: "search," as Pope says, "the ruling passion."

In the sphere of personal life most men are misled through the medium of the dominant faculty of their nature. It is round that dominant faculty that folly and flattery are wont to buzz. They play upon vain glory, by exaggerating and commending what it does, and by piquing it on what it sees cause to forbear from doing. It is so with nations. For all of them the supreme want is to be warned against the indulgence of the dominant passion.

The observation is perfectly just, but its application will carry Mr. Gladstone farther than he intended. For instance, the dominant passion of the Athenians was individual liberty. So long as this was

* 1. *England's Mission*. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. *The Nineteenth Century*, September. London, 1878.

2. *Imperialism*. By the Right Hon. Robert Lowe. *The Fortnightly Review*, October. London, 1878.

3. *The Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds*. London, 1797.

4. *Catalogue of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy*. London, 1878.

5. *Grosvenor Notes*. Edited by Henry Blackburn. London, 1878.

6. *History of the British Drama*. By Mrs. Inchbald. London, 1820.

7. *Daniel Deronda*. By George Eliot. London, 1876.

8. *The Wandering Heir*. By Charles Reade. London, 1873.

† Thucydides, ii. 43.

‡ Demosthenes, *De Corona*, 210.

associated, as in the policy of Pericles, with the idea of the State, no personal sacrifices were too great, no national enterprises too burdensome, for the Athenian citizen. At times his identification of himself with his city carried him into injustice and excess, as in the case of the extermination of the Melians, the Mitylenean decree, and the Sicilian expedition. But when the sense of the imperial greatness of Athens declined, liberty began to associate itself with domestic religion, social pleasure, and intellectual refinement; the citizen shrank from the burdens of personal service and taxation; he learned to prefer an existence of ease and slavery to a life of political honor.

The dominant faculty of the Romans, on the other hand, was empire. Fully entitled to command by her genius for administration and the patriotic self-sacrifice of her citizens, Rome, while the idea of empire was joined with the idea of justice, while she developed her policy by the equalization of her own orders, and the extension of her franchise to the states which acknowledged her supremacy, advanced with safety on her road to universal dominion. But her principle of empire had always a tendency to degenerate into the principle of centralization. She condescended no further than to *spare* the conquered, after she had vanquished the proud. She did not care enough for justice to rule her subjects for their own good, or to transfuse the political life of the centre into the extremities of her dominion. Hence, though the traditional virtues of the Roman character exhibited an astonishing vitality, the corruption of the State was progressive; the wisdom of the senatorial government declined into the narrowness of oligarchy; the integrity of the elder Cato became less characteristic than the greed of Verres; and the discipline of Trajan weighed light against the excesses of Commodus.

Which of these two extremes is "the dominant faculty" of England, the ruling passion of her people, which, "like Aaron's rod, must swallow up the rest"?

The Constitution of this country [said Pitt] is its glory. But in what a nice adjustment does its excellence consist! Equally free from

the distractions of democracy and the tyranny of monarchy, its happiness is to be found in its mixture of parts. It was this mixed constitution which the wisdom of our ancestors devised, and which it will be our wisdom inviolably to support. They experienced all the vicissitudes and distractions of a republic. They felt all the vassalage and despotism of a simple monarchy. They abandoned both, and, by blending each together, extracted a system which has been the envy and admiration of the world.*

Very true, says Mr. Gladstone, but this nice equilibrium has now been overthrown by the wickedness of the Tories. The course of our national life has been violently arrested by the antagonism of its two great internal principles. Liberty and authority are arrayed against each other, and, amid the fatuous applause of the people, the latter has asserted its supremacy. The monster vice so long hidden has at last appeared. "The dominant passion of England is extended empire."

Mr. Gladstone, we think, has been so long and so diligently studying the hideous features of the party to which he is opposed, that he has transferred what he conceives to be its characteristics into his portrait of the people of England. He is entirely unconscious that his own policy may be exposed to the same method of grotesque caricature that he has adopted towards the policy of his rivals. It was of course open to him to derive his conception of the character of England from a study of her political action. But to establish his indictment he ought to have taken a wider survey of things than the acts of Liberal and Conservative governments since 1868. He was bound to have shown that "a dominant passion for extended empire" is manifest through the whole history of England. If he choose to rest his case on this broad ground, we ask him with confidence to indicate to us at what point in our annals the tendency towards imperialism first becomes apparent. Was the early colonization of America due to a deliberate policy of royal aggression or to commercial enterprise, and a desire to escape from arbitrary gov-

* Speech of Pitt on Fox's motion of address to the king, March 1, 1784.

ernment? Was the foreign policy of Cromwell, the most aggressive in our history, determined by a desire for universal dominion, or by mixed motives of commerce and religion? In our settlements in Australasia did the trade follow the flag, or the flag the trade? Was not the natural extension of our Indian empire resisted by company, crown, and Parliament? In short, does not the entire course of our national history indicate rather a dominant passion—as far as there is any predominance at all—for individual liberty, like that of the Athenians, than a deliberate resolve, like that of the Romans, for universal empire?

But history is made up of politics, and, in England, wherever there are politics there is passion. The political action of a nation is doubtless the index of its character, but where the nature of its action is disputed, as at present, we must endeavor to find a clue to its character in some other quarter. Such a clue may, we think, be obtained by examining the tendencies of popular taste. The character of every great nation is reflected indirectly in its art and literature, as well as directly in its history. Poets, painters, sculptors, musicians, and architects, show us the thoughts that pass through the mind of a people, and embody in an ideal form the objects that appear to it most noble, or beautiful, or worthy of pursuit. Art, again, shows the most sensitive sympathy with every social change which a nation undergoes. If therefore we can discover any masterful tendencies in our contemporary art, which can only be explained by the predominant influence of what is known to be a strong national passion, and if these are also found to co-exist with analogous forces in the political world, then we shall be able to form a much more satisfactory judgment as to the nature of our ruling passion, than if we were to draw our conclusion from politics alone.

First, then, we may say with certainty that, if contemporary English art afford any indication of the dominant passion imputed to the nation by Liberal critics, or of any other absorbing and exclusive principle of life, it will be as untrue to the spirit of its traditions, as Mr. Gladstone thinks the

English people is to the spirit of the Constitution described by Pitt. What distinguishes English literature, for instance, is its balance of liberty and authority. No doubt its prominent characteristic is a certain Gothic greatness and freedom. As Pope says,—

But we brave Britons foreign laws despised,
And kept unconquered and uncivilized.

But through all the vigorous originality of our great writers there runs a link of "common sense," binding them to each other and to human society. Chaucer, the most mediæval in spirit of the English poets, is yet touched with a vein of Lollardism, which reappears in the Puritan morality of Spenser, imbedded as this was in Catholic doctrine and pagan imagery. The ample spirit of the Catholic Church is seen in Shakespeare, tempered with the national spirit of England and the human spirit of the Renaissance. Milton is at once Puritan and classic. Pope and Addison made it their conscious aim to fix the standard of the language by preserving all its idiom and character, while at the same time submitting it to the common law of classical authority. Scott, writing at a time when both the monarchical and republican instincts of the nation had been vehemently aroused, corrects the natural impulse of his own chivalrous sympathies by the established standard of constitutional common sense. In short, we may say that English artists have followed out the line suggested to them by their national instinct, without excluding influences from abroad; and that, while trusting confidently to their own genius, they have never revolted against the prerogative of authority and experience. They have observed a just mean between the rudeness of primitive liberty and the deadening artificiality of academic rule.

Whether our literature and art still preserve their ancient constitutional balance; or whether the balance has been unduly depressed in favor of one or other of the two great principles by whose counterpoise it exists; and if so, which that principle is,—these are the questions which we now propose to discuss. And as we have treated the subject by implication, as far as it

relates to poetry, in a recent number of this review,* we shall not re-open that question, but shall proceed to examine the spirit manifested in our contemporary painting, drama, and fiction, as compared with the English tradition of these arts, with a view to discovering what light is thereby thrown upon the present political temper of the nation.

As to painting, we want no better exponent of the English conception of that art than the greatest painter that England has produced, Sir Joshua Reynolds. Nothing can be more constitutional than Sir Joshua's instructions to the students at the Royal Academy. The prevailing note in his admirable "Discourses" is an indignant repudiation of the doctrine that genius implies absolute power. The highest genius, he says over and over again, proceeds in obedience to the highest law, and it is only because the majority of mankind are insensible of the limits of law, that they impute the actions of genius to capricious inspiration. "The summit of excellence seems to be an assemblage of contrary qualities, but mixed in such proportions that no one part is found to counteract the other." The nearest approach to this excellence is found in the works of the greatest masters, and Sir Joshua therefore recommends his audience to render to these a rational obedience, and not even to be afraid of being called their imitators.

When [says he] we have had continually before us the great works of art to impregnate our minds with kindred ideas, we are then, and not till then, fit to produce something of the same species. We behold all about us with the eyes of those penetrating observers, whose works we contemplate; and our minds, accustomed to think the thoughts of the noblest and brightest intellects, are prepared for the discovery and selection of all that is great and noble in nature. The greatest natural genius cannot subsist on its own stock: he who resolves never to ransack any mind but his own will be soon reduced from mere barrenness to the poorest of all imitations; he will be obliged to imitate himself, and to repeat what he has before often repeated. When we know the subject designed by such men, it will never be difficult to guess what kind of work is to be produced.

Yet, with all his sense of the necessity of authority, he was an ardent lover of liberty.

A mere copier of nature [we cannot in these days quote Sir Joshua too often], can never

produce anything great; can never raise and enlarge the conceptions, or warm the heart of the spectator. The wish of the genuine painter must be more extensive: instead of endeavoring to amuse mankind with the minute neatness of his imitations, he must endeavor to improve them by the grandeur of his ideas; instead of seeking praise by deceiving the superficial sense of the spectator, he must strive for fame by captivating the imagination.

Hence he always kept before the mind of his hearers the necessity of aiming at the "great style."

This great ideal perfection and beauty are not to be sought in the heavens but upon the earth. They are about us and upon every side of us. But the power of discovering what is deformed in nature, or, in other words, what is particular and uncommon, can be acquired only by experience; and the whole beauty and grandeur of the art consists, in my opinion, in being able to get above all singular forms, local customs, particularities, and details of every kind.

How far, then, has the tradition established by the first president of the Royal Academy been preserved by the modern representatives of his art? But before we attempt to answer this question, we ought to make certain deductions from his theory that have been rendered necessary by time and circumstance. Painting, he thought, should speak an universal language, and, in so far as it expresses itself by means of form and color, it is plain that this art has a more extended sphere than poetry, the limits of which are defined by the diversities of human speech. But this common language could only remain intelligible so long as it expressed common thought and sentiment, a truth which Sir Joshua very clearly understood.

Strictly speaking [says he], no subject can be of universal, hardly can it be of general, concern; but there are events and characters so popularly known in those countries where our art is in request, that they may be considered as sufficiently general for all our purposes. Such are the great events of Greek and Roman fable and history, which early education and the usual course of reading have made familiar and interesting to all Europe, without being degraded by the vulgarity of ordinary life in any country. Such too are the capital subjects of Scripture history, which, besides their general notoriety, become venerable by their connection with our religion.

While a system of European authority prevailed, which prescribed the limits of religious faith and secular education, it was possible to treat the subjects named by Sir Joshua in the universal style he

* "State of English Poetry," *Quarterly Review*, July, 1873.

desired. Scholarship widely diffused under the protection of princes and nobles familiarized the people with the stories of heathen mythology. The authoritative doctrine of the Catholic Church, and the continuous development of Italian art, gave a traditional character to religious painting throughout Europe, and only allowed the subject under treatment to be characterized by such variety as appeared in the national tendencies of the Florentine and Roman schools on the one side, and by the Venetian and Flemish on the other. But ever since the triumph of the French Revolution, the tradition of the classical Renaissance has been on the decline, nor can it any longer be said, that "the great events of Greek and Roman fable and history have been made familiar and interesting to all Europe by the usual course of reading." So too the authority of the Catholic tradition in painting was mortally wounded by the great disruption of Christendom at the Reformation.

The framework of Europe has in fact changed; and the mediæval ideal of universal empire in Church and State has been replaced by the doctrines of nationality and the balance of power. Still it may be thought that the art of painting has received compensation for the decline of authority by the increase of liberty, and that what it has lost in grandeur and sublimity it may have gained in originality and character. If it no longer speaks intelligibly an universal language, it may speak with more force the language of nations and individuals. Sir Joshua himself, while subordinating what he calls the "characteristical" style to the "great" style, fully recognizes the claims of the former to be a genuine province of painting.

There is another style [he says], which, though inferior to the former, has still great merit, because it shows that those who cultivated it were men of lively and vigorous imagination. This, which may be called the original or characteristical style, being less referred to any true archetype existing either in general or particular nature, must be supported by the painter's consistency in the principles which he has assumed, and in the union and harmony of his whole design. The excellency of every style, but of the subordinate styles more especially, will very much depend on preserving that union and harmony between all the component parts, that they may appear to hang well together, as if the whole proceeded from one mind.

Such were the styles of Hogarth, Gainsborough, Wilkie, and Turner, which truly

reflect the English character and constitution. For, with all their force and originality, they still show a general way of looking at things and a willing obedience to the unwritten law of experience and tradition. But can it be said that the traditions of the "characteristical" English style still prevail? Let us endeavor to determine this by a few recollections of the last Academy.

To represent *action* in some form or another is the aim of every great painter. In landscape, for example; how full of action is the painting of Turner, who may be truly said to have invented the "great style" in this branch of the art. The diffused light and the far distances of his pictures blend in extraordinary sympathy with the human associations of the scenes represented. His "Rise" and "Decline of Carthage," and his "Fighting Téméraire," though the representation of human life in them is entirely subordinate, have all the feeling of a great tragic poet; they seize the unseen truth or "character" of the subject, —

The light that never was on sea or land;
The consecration, and the poet's dream.

But Turner's influence is apparently on the wane. Undoubtedly the most popular landscape in the last Academy was Mr. Brett's "Cornish Lions." A dazzling blue sea shone beneath a cloudless blue sky, in a sunlight so brilliant that each cranny and indentation in the cliffs was visible. Every particular in the actual landscape was exhibited; yet the general effect of the picture appeared to us to be that of suspended life. There was no central idea of action to blend the various parts into a harmonious whole; nevertheless the very particularity of the imitation secured far more favor from the public than the generalization of Mr. Vicat Cole, whose "Showery Day" seemed to us to have admirably caught the "character" of that soft shining atmosphere which gives their chief beauty to so many spring days in England.

Another picture in which action was sacrificed to imitation was Mr. Frith's "Road to Ruin." The idea of this work was evidently suggested by Hogarth, but had the crowds who filed in front of the picture proceeded afterwards to compare their impressions of it with Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode," they would have seen that between the method of the master and the disciple there was absolutely nothing in common. Hogarth's style is full of the *sæva indignatio* of the satir-

ist; every incident and detail conspires to point the general moral; the action of the drama grows naturally out of its original source; the very lines of the various countenances seem to indicate the painter's abhorrence of the vices which he makes them reflect. Hogarth would have done justice to Mr. Frith's subject. There is scarcely a corner of English society that has not been contaminated by the universal passion for gambling. What scope for invention, what revelations of manners, are possible to a painter in an age which has seen the fortunes of historic houses wasted on a racecourse, and has listened to the tales of public credulity related by a Benson! But Mr. Frith is no satirist. The moral of his picture was indeed strong enough for a transpontine theatre, but the story in which the moral was conveyed was an ingenuous fable. If we are to believe him, it is customary for commonplace young gentlemen, who play cards at the university, eventually to shoot themselves in a garret from extremity of want; and this, even though they may have been originally possessed of large estates, and presumably of good connections. The public which besieged Mr. Frith's picture must have been perfectly well aware that this is *not* the road to ruin in our days; they must have perceived, if they had reflected, that the various compartments of the picture had no other connection with the apparent subject, or with each other, than a common frame; but so enchanted were they with the undeniable skill of the painter in reproducing commonplace objects with which they were familiar, that they remained insensible to his deflections from truth and nature.

Mr. Herkomer, another representative painter, is not, like Mr. Frith, a stranger to poetry. In his "Evening in the Westminster Workhouse," it appeared to us there were many fine strokes of imagination, and those who studied that picture will not easily forget the poetical manner in which light and shadow were made to accentuate the characteristics of old age, in the figures obscurely seen cowering in the firelight, or advancing feebly with a staff from the far end of the room. But how came a painter of such capacity to try and interest the spectator in his group of old women, in the forepart of a long bare room, drinking tea, reading, and cutting out linen? It is not that common subjects are incapable of beautiful treatment; Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler" and "Blind Man's Buff" are standing instances to the contrary; but in these pictures the painter

has commenced his work with a central idea, which gives life and balance to the whole composition. The action of the picture, in the one case, starts from the sweep of the fiddler's bow, and the spectator seems to hear the sound, and to understand the various passions which this excites in each particular member of the audience. So, in "Blind Man's Buff," the action is grouped round the cautious, groping figure of the blind man, and nothing can be more beautiful than the balance which the painter has obtained out of the varied attitudes of coquetry and mock terror which the situation has produced in the rustic groups. Mr. Herkomer, on the other hand, had apparently chosen his subject, not so much because he was humanly interested in it, as because it enabled him to make an exhibition of his rare mastery over light and color.

Composition, imagination, and invention, at all events, it may be said, were manifest in the work of Mr. Long; and in the graceful attitudes of the figures, the expressive humor of the faces, and the life-like clinging of the cat-model, the idea of action was more visible in the "Making of the Gods," than in any other picture in the Academy. We had but one ground of quarrel with Mr. Long. Why were not all this grace, humor, and vitality, devoted to the representation of some living interest, instead of being employed in realizing the idea of an obsolete superstition? So, too, a touch of regret mingled with our amusement at the admirably comic "Convocation" of Mr. Marks, to think that such dramatic power should not find expression in the representation of human action.

Putting aside, however, a few exceptional pictures of a similar character to those we have just mentioned, it may be said that the prevailing note in the work of the Academy was domesticity. Few of the exhibitors let their imagination travel far from home; the majority remained content with the careful imitation of familiar objects. Very different in character is that curious phase of modern art which represents the revolt of a certain section of society from the modes of thought prevalent among the middle classes. Those, who last summer visited the Grosvenor Gallery, found themselves in a region from which the vulgar and the familiar were fastidiously banished. If they had been offended in the Academy with the somewhat slavish imitation of particulars, they might here solace themselves with pure abstraction; if, in Burlington House, they had breathed with some difficulty the con-

ventional atmosphere of modern society, here at least they might retire into the Middle Ages; they might listen to the pastoral pipe of the Renaissance, roam among rocks and mountains that appeared to have strayed out of the pictures of Benozzo Gozzoli, or ransack their memories before the faces of knights and angels, whose acquaintance they fancied they had made long ago on some canvas of Giorgione or Sandro Botticelli. Surely here, if anywhere, was to be found that artistic generalization, that imaginative energy, which Sir Joshua Reynolds declared to be the characteristic of the "great style." Alas, no! The representative painters of the Grosvenor Gallery had even less conception of action than the painters of the Academy. For if the latter restricted themselves to imitation, at least they imitated actual life, but the former merely imitated certain peculiarities in the *style* of the old masters. Mr. Burne Jones is the chief master of this school. His picture entitled "*Laus Veneris*" represented a number of ladies sitting in the foreground gorgeously attired, and in the background some knights in white armor, looking in at a window as they rode by. The women in the chief group were doing — nothing. They had even stopped singing the praises of Venus, which it appears was their sole resource for passing the time. They had all one type of face, one morbid kind of complexion, one monotonous expression, which culminated in the figure of the queen, who, with her seat thrust back from the rest, her crown on her knees, and her feet far extended in front of her, seemed to have resigned herself to the dominion of ennui. A similar somnolent languor pervaded Mr. Jones's "*Chant d'Amour*;" indeed so potent was its influence, that a Cupid, who had been apparently borrowed from Botticelli for the purpose of blowing the bellows of an organ — which for some reason the female musician has chosen to play on the top of a wall — had actually fallen asleep at his work. In like manner the abstractions of day and night and the four seasons indicated not the action of light and darkness, nor the variety of generation and production, but the perpetual presence in the painter's mind of thoughts on revolution and decay.

The tendencies which we have noticed in our painting are equally observable in our drama. Had Mr. Gladstone lived in the reign of Elizabeth, he would no doubt have swelled the outcry of the critics against Marlowe's "*Tamburlane*

the Great." And if he had wanted a text from which to inveigh against the materialistic spirit which inspired the voyages of Raleigh, he might have found it in the dying speech of the great Scythian shepherd, where he bids his son follow his conquests on the map: —

Look here, my boys; see, what a world of ground
Lies westward from the midst of Cancer's line
Unto the rising of this earthly globe,
Whereas the sun declining from our sight
Begins the day with our antipodes!
And shall I die with this unconquered?
Lo, here, my sons, are all the golden mines,
Inestimable drugs, and precious stones,
More worth than Asia and the world beside;
And from the antarctic pole eastward behold
As much more land which never was descried,
Wherein are rocks of pearl that shine as bright
As all the lamps that beautify the sky —
And shall I die and this unconquered?
Here, lovely boys; what death forbids my life,
That let your lives command in spite of death.

But Mr. Gladstone may take comfort if he turns to the Victorian stage, and reflects that the public, of whose aggressive spirit he is so much afraid, have for thirteen hundred successive nights been following with rapt attention the fortunes of two young men, whom true love has induced to throw up all the advantages of wealth, and to work for their living in a garret. From "*Tamburlane*" to "*Our Boys*" is a long journey, but the artistic stages on the way are as clearly marked as those of our political constitution. The spirit of the drama under Elizabeth was at once monarchical and national, for the cause of the throne was completely identified with that of the people. During the civil wars dramatic representation was naturally suspended. After the Restoration it took from the court a tone that was entirely opposed to the national character. When taste had been purified and regulated by the great critics of the early part of the eighteenth century, the stage reflected for a long period the more temperate manners of the aristocracy. The Reform Bill again initiated a fresh epoch; the aristocracy after that date gradually ceased to visit the theatre; and the course of the drama has, up to the present day, been almost completely controlled by the taste of the middle classes.

At each of these stages we may observe a restriction of the national idea of action. Founded as the Elizabethan drama was on purely national principles, it was natural that its poetical tradition should have been lost during the period when the nation

was divided against itself. The spirit of the old tragedians never really reappears after the Restoration. But comedy survived, and—as every comedy turns more or less upon a love-plot—flourished in a society which still retained traces of chivalrous gallantry and an aristocratic freedom of manners. Again, however, the genius of the old comedy receded before the advance of the middle classes. Bred as these classes had been on Puritanic principles, which had for a long time condemned all kinds of dramatic representation, it was not to be expected that they should be tolerant of the somewhat easy morals which had hitherto regulated the comic stage. They were moreover far more austere and serious in their general views of life than the aristocracy, and before the age of their political supremacy had now and then uttered a note of tragic earnestness, which sounded strangely amid the gay vivacity and good breeding of the fashionable dramatists of the eighteenth century. As early as 1732 George Lillo, a tradesman, surprised the town by his tragedy, "The True Story of George Barnwell." "On its being announced for publication," says Mrs. Inchbald in a preface to the play, "the well-known title made a very unfavorable impression on the refined part of the town and they condemned the presumption of the author in hoping to make them sympathize in the sorrows of any beneath the rank of an emperor, king, or statesman." Nevertheless "George Barnwell" made an impression. "The play was performed twenty nights successively on its first appearance, nor did it lose its attraction in the winter season, being frequently acted to crowded houses, and warmly patronized by merchants and other opulent citizens."

All this is highly significant as an anticipation of the change hereafter to be effected in dramatic taste. It shows us that the society of that period was still familiar with the conceptions of extended action which had prevailed in the poetical drama, and that it was shocked at the idea of domestic tragedy. The play itself reveals, on the other hand, the unimaginative realistic quality of middle-class taste, in its idea of action strong but harsh, and strictly limited to the range of a narrow experience. Its moral tone, impressive from a genuine earnestness, is yet slightly ridiculous; for though, in conformity with its domestic character, the tragedy is written in prose, the desire of the author to be lofty and eloquent has made him put into the mouths of the meanest persons

interjections and inversions which are proper only to poetry.

Kept within due limits, the Puritanic element in the English nation exercised a salutary influence on the stage. Many excellent comedies were produced during the eighteenth century, but in none of them is there a trace of the licentiousness which disfigured the work of the dramatists after the Restoration. At the same time, the moralizing class of dramas, like "The Gamester" and "The Road to Ruin," which followed in the steps of "George Barnwell," caught a certain style and vivacity from the aristocratic tone of society. But when, after the first Reform Bill, the middle-class element prevailed over the aristocratic, life and action began to languish on the stage. The descendants of the old Puritans brought with them to the theatre strong domestic feelings, but a limited experience and a narrow imagination. The influence of their taste soon became apparent. In the first place, the poetic drama languished, and then died. In the second place, the taste and sentiments of that part of the audience which the dramatist felt himself chiefly obliged to court, being very restricted in their range, he was forced to borrow many of his situations from abroad. The comedies of the last century are evidently of native origin; but we suppose we are within the mark in saying that at least two-thirds of the plays produced in this generation are taken from the French. As the character and traditions of the two nations are totally different, it is evident that no truly representative dramatic situation can be transplanted from the one to the other without losing all its life and spirit. We remember a year or two ago witnessing a play called "Peril," which had been adapted from a French original, turning of course on certain ill-adjusted relations of the marriage state. In Paris such a drama would have been written, acted, and criticised, by men to the manner born, and would doubtless have succeeded accordingly. In England it produced indeed a comic effect, but not of the kind intended by the writer; the comedy consisted in the ineffectual struggle of the author with materials which he could not master, the embarrassment of the actors in assuming characters with which they failed to sympathize, and the uneasiness of the audience at finding themselves interested in a situation which they were bound to disapprove.

Of the dramatists of this generation who have relied on their native powers of invention, the two most thoroughly repre-

sentative are the late Mr. Robertson and Mr. Byron. Mr. Robertson succeeded chiefly because he had, in the first place, a really remarkable skill in constructing his plays, so as to bring out the qualities of each actor in the excellent company which interpreted his conceptions; and, in the second place, a considerable power of minutely imitating the chit-chat which in the average society of the day passes for repartee. But the action of his dramas was feeble, and such point as his dialogue possessed would be missed by any but the most intelligent actors. Mr. Byron, in every way a writer of greater power and vitality, is as abrupt in his departure from the course of nature, as Mr. Robertson was minute in his superficial imitation of it. He has been accused of negligence in the construction of his plots, which are certainly—as in the case of his latest play, "Conscience Money"—marked by the most violent improbability. But what wonder if, in the restricted limits to which the taste of his audience confines him, the vivacity of the dramatist create a world of his own? Shrewd simpletons, noble ticket-of-leave men, magnanimous drunkards, all sorts of characters that are hybrid, paradoxical, and incongruous, abound in the class of drama of which we have taken Mr. Byron as the representative writer. They do so, we think, not because the dramatist believes them to be like nature, but because they provide a kind of entertainment acceptable to the public, which, so long as its sense of virtue and of external reality is satisfied, is quite content to ignore daring violations of truth and probability.

Meantime the most particular attention is given to produce illusion by cheating the senses of the spectators. Real cabs, live horses, and exact imitations of railway trains, have within recent memory been exhibited on the stage. The scenery of a play contributes largely to the chances of its success. As for the dialogue, the polished and balanced style, which was the best legacy of the Caroline dramatists, has been long discarded as being too much above the language of real life. It has been replaced by a jerky, interjectional manner, in which repartee plays a much smaller part than puns, grimaces, and confidential comments to the audience. For instance, in Mr. Byron's last play, one of the characters remarked of another, to the intense delight of the house, "Looks as if he had gone in for total abstinence and come out again;" an observation the humor and imagery of

which depend entirely on the use of a "slang" expression.

We have drawn our conclusions almost exclusively from an examination of modern comedy, because we are here on ground which enables us to compare our dramatists' ideas of action with those of their ancestors. But our general observations may be extended to the fashionable school of burlesque, which is founded on the mere mockery of poetical motives, and will include the semi-burlesque works of the very ingenious author of "Pygmalion and Galatea" and "The Wicked World," whose genuine powers of invention are cramped by the sinister influence of a somewhat ostentatious cynicism.*

We turn to the third division of our subject. The history of British fiction is not difficult to trace. Dating practically from the reign of George II., it supplied, in that comparatively settled stage of society, a want which, in earlier times, had been satisfied by the different species of narrative poetry. It branches into two distinct streams. One school, deriving its origin from Cervantes and Le Sage, found its materials in the representation of current manners. The penetration of Fielding and the animal spirits of Smollet seized with ready sympathy on the rough types of original character which stood out in vivid contrast with the regular framework of the society about them. But "society" itself had other longings, which could not be appeased with this homely fare. It still retained the memories and traditions of its ancient chivalry, and when Horace Walpole designed his "Castle of Otranto," his description of his purpose showed that he very correctly appreciated the condition of the public taste.

The tale [he says] was an attempt to blend the two kinds of romance, the ancient and the modern. In the former all was imagination and improbability; in the latter, nature is always intended to be, and sometimes has been, copied with success. Invention has not been wanting; but the great resources of fancy have been dammed up by a strict adherence to common life. But if, in the latter species, nature has cramped imagination, she did but take her revenge, having been totally excluded from old romances. The actions, sentiments, conversation, of the heroes and heroines of ancient

* We wish to make a strong exception to this criticism in favor of "H.M.S. Pinafore," which, in its genial humor and gay melody, approaches, in our opinion, more nearly to the English spirit of the eighteenth century operetta, than any burlesque that has been produced within recent memory.

days, were as unnatural as the machines employed to put them in motion.

It must be owned, however, that the manner in which Walpole and his successor, Mrs. Radcliffe, put their principles into execution did not indicate a very high order of invention. Nothing can be more childish than the machinery of Alfonso's helmet in "The Castle of Otranto." Mrs. Radcliffe's use of apparently supernatural phenomena was more effective, but she seems to have been haunted by a spirit of rationalism which always drove her to a natural explanation of her own mysteries, and she has been not unjustly accused of having cheated the imagination, like Gray's Gothic mansion, "with passages that lead to nothing."

The problem that had puzzled these authors was solved to perfection by Sir Walter Scott. Boldly discarding the supernatural machinery of the old romances, he showed that a practically boundless field was open to the imagination in the domain of history. In that noble series of tales, comprising all the most truly characteristic of his works, "Waverley," "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "Rob Roy," "Old Mortality," "The Heart of Midlothian," "The Bride of Lammermoor," the reader is carried away into a state of society completely different from his immediate surroundings. But so ardent was Scott's imagination, so wide his experience, so deep his sympathy, that all the details of this ideal life seem as natural as the incidents of "Tom Jones" or "Roderick Random." And even in those stories where the time of the action is more remote, such as "Ivanhoe," "Quentin Durward," "Kenilworth," and "The Talisman," the writer has so identified himself with the period which he is describing, that the human interest of the narrative entirely destroys the interval between the past and present. To crown all, the style has an air of natural good breeding, which, always avoiding stiffness, yet never descending to vulgarity, carries along the imagination while it satisfies the judgment. Could we suppose ourselves condemned to solitary confinement, and our supply of books restricted to the works of a single writer, who would not choose for his companion "the author of 'Waverley'?"

Meantime the novel of manners received a new development. As society, under the influence of settled opinion, grew always more regular and refined, the local humors and customs, of which Fielding and Smollett had made so much use, gradually disappeared, and the interest of tales of

modern life began to turn rather on the representation of character than of incident. The nicety and quickness of perception required for such a state of things gave new opportunities to female genius, and were admirably exhibited in the works of Madame D'Arblay, Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Austen. All these writers, but particularly the last, showed extraordinary power in constructing plots out of the little intricacies of everyday life, without any sacrifice of dignity or refinement.

With Sir Walter Scott and Miss Austen the art of novel-writing in England reached its meridian. In making this statement, we assume that the chief excellence of this art lies in the construction of the story, since it is by this that the highest development is given to action and character. It seems, perhaps, venturesome to speak of decline in a generation which has produced a Thackeray and a Dickens. But in Thackeray the genius of the moralist predominated over that of the story-teller. He shows us society always from one aspect; his novels have little action; and the reader is ever conscious of the presence of the novelist acting as showman to the characters he introduces. Dickens, on the other hand, was the first to import the element of romance into descriptions of real life. With the instinct of genius, he perceived that the only method by which he could produce the effects he required was *exaggeration*; and accordingly, without hesitation, he pushed all the principles of imaginative action to excess. Dramatic portrait-painting in his hands became caricature; pathos was converted into sentimentalism; romance extended into melodrama. All these extremes were in some extraordinary manner blended by the force of original genius, so that, to apply the words of Sir Joshua Reynolds, his stories "preserved that union and harmony between all the component parts by which they appeared to hang well together, as if the whole proceeded from one mind." But the very greatness of the achievement was mischievous, from the encouragement it gave to what was in itself a corrupting principle of taste; and the style of our novelists has, since Dickens's time, descended to a sensibly lower level of breeding.

A rapid comparison between the method of the representative novelists of our own time and those of the early part of the century, will show how materially social ideas of action have altered in the interval. Miss Austen in one class shall pair with George Eliot; in another Sir Walter Scott with

Mr. Charles Reade. We take it that among novels describing social manners, "Emma," in point of construction, stands without a rival. The story relates the fortunes of a match-making heroine in a quiet country town. A more restricted subject or sphere cannot be imagined, yet so admirably are the involvements of the situation contrived, that the interest of the reader never flags. Many and various persons support the action; all of them present types of character with which we are familiar; but from the excellent humor, delicacy, and completeness with which they are drawn, they seem better representatives of the type than any we have observed ourselves. The dialogue is shrewd, natural, and well-bred. The whole of this well-proportioned story is comprised within four hundred pages. Contrast with it one of George Eliot's later novels, "Daniel Deronda," for instance. We say "later novels," for George Eliot's earlier works have a character of their own, which would render a comparison with Miss Austen quite inappropriate. There the former was on her own ground; she was writing about scenes and characters with which she had an instinctive sympathy; and her representations, in "Adam Bede" and "Silas Marner," of the poetry and humor of English country life, have in their kind no equal. But in "Middlemarch" and "Daniel Deronda" she unconsciously provokes recollections of her predecessor, which are not altogether to the advantage of the taste of our own times. "Daniel Deronda" deals with the same average good society as "Emma," a society whose principles, sentiments, and manners have been fixed by a more or less regular standard derived from the traditions of many generations. In the place, however, of the peaceful external atmosphere which must necessarily pervade an old society like this, the novel takes us into a world of mystery, philosophy, emotion, and crime. The story is rather ambitiously divided into eight books, each containing something like two hundred pages. It has two perfectly distinct plots, which scarcely anywhere touch each other, and never blend. The amount of action in each of these plots is infinitesimally small; the actors in the drama are commonplace. How, then, is the tale extended to such enormous length? By the analysis of consciousness. The reader is, so to speak, taken up by the author to a high mountain of metaphysics, from which he is bidden to look down on the petty drama beneath. At this elevation he sees,

or is supposed to see, things in their true proportions; the place which the actors occupy in the order of the universe; the manner in which their actions are controlled by destiny; the *thoughts* that are passing in the minds of the suffering creatures exhibited to him. Painful, ugly, and revolting the exhibition is; but George Eliot tells her readers why they ought to submit to it:—

Could there be a slenderer, more insignificant thread in human history than this *consciousness* of a girl, busy with her small inferences of the way in which she could make her life pleasant? . . . What in the midst of that mighty drama are girls and their blind visions? They are the Yea or Nay of that good for which men are enduring and fighting. In these delicate vessels is borne onward through the ages the treasure of human affections.

So it may be; and, could angels tell us stories, they might tell them in this fashion. But no man knows with certainty any other consciousness than his own; and "Daniel Deronda," so evidently the work of a powerful and ingenious mind, shows, in our judgment very conclusively, what an incalculable mistake in art is made by those novelists who sacrifice action to analysis, and manners to metaphysics.

Now let us take Mr. Charles Reade and Sir Walter Scott. A few years ago Mr. Reade produced a novel called "The Wandering Heir," which he described as "a matter-of-fact romance." Soon after its appearance, he was accused by a critic of having plagiarized a portion of his dialogue from Swift's "Journal of a Modern Lady." Mr. Reade replied in a letter to *Once a Week*, and has thought it worth while to preserve a record of the fray in a kind of pamphlet prefixed to "The Wandering Heir," under the title of "Trade Malice." This is extremely entertaining in itself, for Mr. Reade never writes better than when he is angry; but it is specially valuable for our present purpose, as showing the principles on which he composes his "romances of fact."

"The Wandering Heir" [he writes] owes nothing to any preceding figment, and so there is no plagiarism in it. But it is written upon the method I have never disowned, and never shall; have always proclaimed, and always shall. On that method—viz., the interweaving of imaginary circumstances with facts gathered impartially from experience, hearsay, and printed records—my most approved works, "It is Never too Late to Mend," "Hard Cash," "The Cloister and the Hearth," have been written, and that openly. My preface to "Hard Cash" contains these words: "Hard

Cash,' like 'The Cloister and the Hearth,' is a matter-of-fact romance; that is, a fiction built on truths, and these truths have been gathered, by long, severe, systematic labor, from a multitude of volumes, pamphlets, journals, reports, blue-books, manuscript narratives, letters, and living people whom I have sought out, examined, and cross-examined, *to get at the truth on each main topic I have tried to handle.*"

And he afterwards defines the scientific truth at which he aims in his historical novels in the following terms:—

When fiction aspires to deal with the past, *to raise the dead from their graves, and make them live, and move, and dress, and act, and speak, and feel again in a strong domestic story*, then must ripe learning and keen invention meet.

Now Sir Walter Scott has, fortunately, left on record in his "Dedictory Epistle" to "Ivanhoe" the principles which he observed in composing that work, and we cannot resist extracting these at length, to show how exactly they invert the principles of Mr. Reade, and how closely they correspond with Sir Joshua Reynolds's doctrines on painting. Speaking of the large liberty of imagination which the historical novelist may exercise, he says:—

It follows, therefore, that of the materials which an author has to use in a romance or fictitious composition, such as I have ventured to attempt, he will find that a great proportion, both of language and manners, is as proper to the present time as to those in which he has laid his time of action. The freedom of choice which this allows him is therefore much greater, and the difficulty of his task much more diminished, than at first appears. To take an illustration from a sister art, the antiquarian details may be said to represent the peculiar features of a landscape under delineation of the pencil. His feudal tower must arise in due majesty; the figures which he introduces must have the costume and character of their age; the piece must represent the peculiar features of the scene which he has chosen for his subject, with all its appropriate elevation of rock, or descent of cataract. His general coloring, too, must be copied from nature: the sky must be clouded or serene according to climate, and the general tints must be those which prevail in a natural landscape. So far the painter is bound down by the rules of his art to a precise imitation of the features of nature; but it is not required that he should descend to copy all her more minute features, or represent with absolute exactness the very herbs, flowers, and trees, with which the spot is decorated. These, as well as all the more minute points of light and shadow, are attributes proper to scenery in general, natural to each situation,

and subject to the artist's disposal as his taste or pleasure may dictate.

And again:—

I neither can nor do pretend to the observation of complete accuracy, even in matters of outward costume, much less in the more important points of language and manners. . . . It is necessary, for exciting interest of any kind, that the subject assumed should be, as it were, translated into the manners as well as the language of the age we live in.

How, then, shall we decide this nice question as to the true principles of the art of romance-writing? To us it appears that "romance" and "matter of fact" are contradictory terms. A romance is a tale in which the reader expects a narrative of action as marvellous and exciting as is consistent with reason and probability. A certain amount of matter of fact is necessary in such tales, to produce in the mind an *illusion* of reality. But the more details of actual reality are introduced, and the nearer the narrative approaches to history, the further it will recede from romance. There is not the faintest attempt in "Ivanhoe" "to raise the dead from their graves, in Mr. Reade's sense." We do not suppose that one in a thousand of the readers, who have been transported in that delightful story to an ideal world, ever inquired how far its details corresponded with the "matter of fact" of history. On the other hand, though Mr. Reade has filled his "Wandering Heir" with "facts gathered impartially from experience, hearsay, and printed records," there is no real "interweaving" of these with the "imaginary circumstances" of the tale. "Matters of fact" about the period in which the action is laid abound in the story; but they are all inserted for the sake of archæology, they in no way illustrate the "romance," which centres itself exclusively in the very pretty and pleasing love episode of the hero and heroine.

As Mr. Reade aims at being matter-of-fact in romance, so he is equally intent on being romantic in matters of fact. But here, again, his efforts are marred by the unfortunate prepossessions and prejudices with which experience fills the minds of his audience. Situations like the Tichborne case, which are metaphorically called romantic, as being unusual and surprising, no doubt occur in real life; but when their details come to be examined, the course of the incidents and the motives of the actors are generally found to be simple and vulgar enough. This, of course, is

not the case in Mr. Reade's "matter-of-fact" romances. In these the most thrilling events follow each other with marvelous rapidity. The situations which he conceives are heroic, and his heroes are equal to their situations. But for all this Mr. Reade will scarcely be able to persuade the public that matters of fact are really romantic. Neither his genuine powers of observation and pathos, nor the tremendous imprecations he hurls against every one who questions the propriety of his artistic method, nor the very entertaining result which is produced in his novels by the combination of all these conditions, can ever carry us into a world where we are not conscious of the presence of Mr. Charles Reade. Romance, as we know it from Scott, is an external and ideal region. The writers and readers who would enter that region must, like the great magician, first learn to forget themselves.

And now to apply the conclusions at which we have arrived. A dispute has arisen as to the true character of the English people. Mr. Gladstone has imparted to the world his own conception of that character. The assumption on which his argument proceeds is, that the Tories are making England false to her mission by flattering her dominant passion for extended empire. That this really is her dominant passion, he does not attempt to prove by any evidence beyond his simple assertion: "The sentiment of empire may be called innate in every Briton. It is part of our patrimony, born with our birth; dying only with our death; incorporating itself in the first elements of our knowledge, and interwoven with all our habits of mental action upon public affairs." If this be so, it is morally certain that this master tendency will display itself in our art, and we have accordingly sought for traces of its influence in our painting, our drama, and our fiction. The leading imaginative characteristics of a people, prompted by their genius in the manner supposed by Mr. Gladstone, are obvious. Coarse and vulgar as the instinct of material aggrandizement may be, it at least requires to be nourished on ideas of vehement action and extended imagination. We should expect in our painters the vigorous movement of Rubens, or the brutal force of Caravaggio; in our dramatists, the splendid extravagance of Marlowe; in our novelists, the romantic conceptions, though not the tasteful execution, of Scott. With the idea, too, of empire are inseparably associated ideas of central authority, such as those which are expressed with so much

majesty in the *Æneid*. But what have we found, in fact, to be the characteristic features of modern English art? Domesticity, as shown in the almost exclusive devotion of our painting to *genre* subjects, in the prosaic tone of our drama, and in the narrow range of our fiction. Absence of invention, manifested in the eagerness with which the professors of the fine arts appeal rather to the senses of the public than to its nobler and more imaginative instincts. Introspection, as seen in the general contempt for authority, and in the determination of the artist to attract attention, not by his superior treatment of great subjects, but by the individuality and even eccentricity of his style.

Developed in the extreme forms to which we are accustomed, these characteristics of our taste are the result, no doubt, of a master passion, but not of the one which Mr. Gladstone describes. They are, as we hold, incompatible with the passion for aggrandizement, arising out of the consciousness of empire; but they may be readily explained by the passion for individual liberty, originating in the consciousness of self. The spirit of self-consciousness is naturally allied to liberty; it is inseparable from self-government. Shakespeare's expression of England proving "true to herself" is a self-conscious one. But there is a distinction to be observed between that idea of self which is drawn from the large source of country and religion, and that which is derived solely from the individual mind. Art of an unimaginative, imitative order is the reflection of that narrower sort of self-consciousness which is restricted to immediate personal experience. The artist, perhaps, represents what is at the moment exactly before his senses, without attempting to dispose his materials by the central force of imagination. In that case he becomes a mere copyist of particular nature. Or he may advance a step in imagination, and seize on a particular idea, which he afterwards constantly imitates. He then becomes a mannerist. In either case his art, in so far as it separates itself from the continuity of practice and the authority of tradition, may be said to be the extreme extension of individual liberty. But in respect of its real range of achievement, it is best described in the words of Reynolds, which we have quoted before: "He who resolves never to ransack any mind but his own will be soon reduced from mere barrenness to the poorest imitation; he will be obliged to imitate himself, and to repeat what he has often before repeat-

ed." The same limitation will, of course, be observable in the taste of those who come to the consideration of any work of art with no larger experience than their own; they will either desire an exact reproduction of what they know through their senses, and will reward the artist according to the photographic accuracy of his imitation; or they will yield up their own imaginative prepossessions, and be content to look at nature precisely as the artist bids them.

If our assumption, that the passing moods, as well as the abiding character of a nation, are reflected in its taste be true, we ought to be able to discover some phenomena in current politics corresponding with that temper of the imagination in which we have found our contemporary art to be conceived. Somewhere or other, whether in the predominance of a principle, or of a class, there should be an impulse in the direction of individual liberty, threatening to swallow up every other element in the constitution. And this impulse undoubtedly exists. As we have shown, the prevailing tendencies in our art and letters, which we have noticed, began after the first Reform Bill, and, from that date to 1867, the ruling influences of the nation proceeded almost entirely from the middle classes. The watchword of these classes has always been liberty. Throughout our history they have performed the most valuable services to the State in preserving the balance of the constitution. It was in great part through their courageous resolution that religious independence was secured at the Reformation. The staunch support which they gave to the cause of civil liberty carried the nation through the long struggle which ended with the settlement of 1688. As the chief counterpoise to the powers lodged in the monarchical part of the constitution, their influence has always been beneficially exercised. But it has been far otherwise when events have elevated them into the preponderating power of the State. When the monarchy fell in the civil wars, the middle and Dissenting classes usurped for a moment the direction of affairs. What happened? Those who had shown themselves so well qualified to defend the principle of liberty, were found to be utterly devoid of the instinct of government. They produced Fifth-Monarchy men, Levellers, Antinomians, in abundance, but not a single Parliament which could fuse into a new harmony the dissolving elements of the constitution. A great man repressed for a while their anarchical aspirations, but

on his death all things returned once more to chaos, till public opinion restored the legitimate monarchy.

Again, what happened after the first Reform Bill? Long experience of liberty, and the spread of education, had entitled the nation to demand direct representation in Parliament, and the prophecies of those who foretold that the first fruits of Reform would be the immediate destruction of existing institutions were signally falsified. Nevertheless, it cannot escape notice, that the great and predominant aim of all the legislation, which followed the first Reform Bill, was rather to complete the emancipation of the individual, than to reconstruct the idea of the State. The abolition of the Test Acts; Catholic Emancipation; the admission of the Jews to Parliament; the repeal of the Corn Laws, Navigation Laws, and Paper Duty; the disestablishment of the Irish Church; the University Tests Act,—these measures have all largely increased the liberty of the individual, but they have at the same time destroyed much of that corporate life, in which—if we may use the phrase—the personality of the State found, rightly or wrongly, a mode of expression. Nor have the ideals which have been abolished been replaced by any just equivalents. The middle classes excel in the virtue of domesticity and the arts of commerce. But these, though they are the foundation of liberty, are not the end of national life. The unswerving aim of Liberalism, however, has been to identify the life of England with the homely and commercial character of the middle classes, as if they alone were the makers and maintainers of the English constitution. The Englishman's house has always been his castle. Liberal policy would make his counting-house into his church, his parish into his country, and himself into the world. The basis of England's power is her commerce; Liberalism accordingly seeks to restrict the national action to buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest, and encourages among every class of the people one dominant passion—money-making.

All this we believe to be contrary to the true spirit of the English constitution, which, like the genuine art described by Reynolds, seems to involve "an assemblage of contrary qualities, mixed in such proportions that no one part is found to counteract the other." It is, indeed, not surprising that the long period of Liberal supremacy should have produced a fixed belief in the mind of Liberal leaders that Liberalism, or the middle-class self, and

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REFLECTION OF ENGLISH CHARACTER IN ENGLISH ART. 17

England are identical terms, nor that, like Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Lowe, they should accordingly indulge in grotesque caricatures of their rivals' policy. Mr. Gladstone is not likely to change his opinion, that his own ideal has an equivalent in the law of things. But the country perceived that when the principle of liberty in his hands ceased to be one of negation and destruction, when it endeavored to shape itself into a constructive form, it ceased to be liberty in the English sense of the word. Liberty then appeared in the shape of Mr. Bruce's Licensing Bill; in the disregard of law in the Collier and Ewelme Rectory appointments; and in the use of the royal prerogative to accomplish the personal will of the first minister of the crown, at the expense of the rights of one branch of the legislature.

And not only did liberty suffer in the hands of those who pretended to be its foremost champions, but almost every principle of life in the nation was dwarfed and enfeebled by their policy. The character of the people of England is not solely commercial; it is monarchical, aristocratic, warlike, and religious. How many of its inborn energies then must be suppressed by the despotism of a single principle of action; how inevitable it is that these energies, driven in upon themselves, should cease to co-operate towards the harmonious development of the nation! The aristocracy has its wealth and position ready made; the exclusive national worship of money narrows to ungenerous limits its opportunities of political action. The Church listens to the words of her Founder, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon;" she sees the heart of the nation apparently devoted to the service of mammon; it is scarcely wonderful then, if one powerful party within her pale should, with a deplorable recklessness, cry for separation from the State. Art finds in the prevailing atmosphere of trade little that is pleasing to the imagination; the foolish cry, "Art for art's sake" is consequently heard. The poet turns his eyes inward and begins to analyze the workings of his own mind; the painter seeks for liberty in a purely artificial revival of antique forms. The professor of taste or "culture" will have nothing whatever to do with the vulgarity of current politics. "My ardent young Liberal friends," he says, "keep aloof from the arena of politics at present, and promote within yourselves an inward working." Foreign policy becomes an obsolete phrase. England is congratulated on her insularity,

and is exhorted to exhibit herself to the backsliding nations of the Continent, from the secure vantage-ground of her enormous business profits, as a sublime, if isolated, spectacle of self-conscious morality.

Again, the immoderate extension of the idea of individual liberty has weakened the old English love of national independence. Mr. Gladstone's belief in a new law of nations "recognizing independence, frowning upon aggression, favoring the pacific and not the bloody settlement of disputes, and aiming at permanent not temporary adjustments," is founded on the revolutionary dream of the perfectibility of man, and of the moral "solidarity" produced by the progress of democracy. But it is opposed alike to our experience of our own nature and to the teaching of history. It is true, as Burke says, that England is one member of a community of nations bound together by moral sentiments, rising originally out of a common political and religious system. Great efforts have been made by men of the highest genius to bring this European community under "a tribunal of paramount authority." Charlemagne, who was able to legislate throughout his empire "for the correction of abuses, the reformation of manners, the economy of his farms, the care of his poultry, and even the sale of his eggs;"* Gregory VII., who sought to make all the kingdoms of Europe fiefs of the Church; both claimed to be the arbiters of the West; and had their pretensions been founded on reason they might fairly have hoped to realize them, at a time when mankind were united by common law, common language, and common religion. They failed; the spirit of local liberty was too strong for them; the boundaries of nature, the ambition of kings, the diversities of national language, and the genius of national art, all fostered the instincts of Gothic independence as opposed to the ideal of imperial centralization. What probability is there, now that the passion of the European nations for independence has been so clearly proved by history, when religion itself has become a cause of division between these nations, and their various characters are so sharply defined in their laws, arts, languages, and literatures, that they will ever submit their liberties to the judgment of a tribunal, so rash, wavering, and destructive as democratic opinion? There is but one system by which in these days the sense of European kinship and of national inde-

* Gibbon, Roman Empire, chapter xlix.

pendence can be preserved, and that, as Burke justly observes, is the balance of power.

To maintain public law, the sole bulwark of national independence, has ever been the leading motive of genuine English statesmen. Advantageously placed by nature, and strong in the genius of her people, England has been for centuries the chief barrier against aggression. And if this love of independence has characterized the nation in the past, it is doubly and trebly necessary that it should do so in the present:—

Hoc opus, hoc studium, parvi properemus et ampli,
Si patriæ volumus, si nobis vivere cari.

Not only have the institutions of English freedom been established all over the globe; not only is England the pledged champion of the smaller free societies of Europe, but the forces of aggression against which she has to contend are infinitely stronger than in earlier times. We have seen the great representative of absolute force in Europe deliberately violate the public law, while what is ironically called the European Areopagus, including ourselves, who by our honor, our interests, our traditions, were bound to resist the aggression, sat indifferently looking on.

It is, indeed, high time that England should resume her "responsibilities." But in the view of Mr. Gladstone, and, so far as we can gather from the speeches and writings of the recess, of Liberals generally, England's responsibilities are even now more than she can bear. "The truth is," they say, "that, turn where we will, we are met on every side with proofs that the cares and the calls of the British empire are already beyond the strength of those who govern it." Mr. Gladstone looks forward with serene composure to the day when commercial supremacy shall pass from England to America. Mr. Lowe thinks it a grave misfortune that we ever acquired possession of India, and accuses the ministry of leading the country astray from the true paths of "happiness," which would appear to lie in money-making and engineering. We must—such can be the only inference—retrench our expenses, contract our frontiers, and leave the field to some hardier and younger race. What would Demosthenes have said to such despondency as this? "I do not wonder," he would have said, "that the Russians, who are ever on the alert, get the better of you who sit still and delay; I say, I do not wonder at this at all. On

the contrary, the wonder would have been if we, who had left undone everything which men in our position ought to have done, had obtained the advantage over those who had done everything that they ought. What I do wonder at is this—that you, men of England, who once maintained the struggle with Napoleon on behalf of European law, who abstained, in spite of your many opportunities, from all private aggrandizement, who sacrificed your properties and risked your persons that Europe might have justice, now shrink from service and hesitate to tax yourselves when your own empire is in peril; and, after preserving the liberties of other countries, collectively and individually, sit down quietly to the loss of your own."* The man who did not despair of making Athens, with all her scattered maritime empire, the centre of a Grecian confederacy against the common foe, would never have admitted that the chief danger to the wealthiest country in the world lay in her physical incapacity to protect her extended possessions against foreign attacks. He would have seen that our peril was, as it had been with his own countrymen, a domestic one; that if it ever arose, it would be in the shape of a disinclination, on the part of the people, to make sustained efforts; in a readiness to disbelieve in all dangers not immediately present; in the failure to bear without murmuring burdens undertaken for the sake of ideal objects; above all, in the perverted ingenuity of party spirit, rancorously persisting in ascribing every act of political opponents to base and ignoble motives.

We are happy to think that it is not the Tory party, the party that upholds constitutional authority, which has given utterance to despairing sentiments, or which has shrunk from incurring "responsibility." It was by daring to undertake responsibility that Englishmen created their empire. England understands the saying "*Noblesse oblige*;" and the word which she sets highest in her vocabulary is duty. From the day when Clive at Chandernagore said, "We cannot stop here," to the day when the hero of Lucknow bade his friends inscribe over his grave: "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty," there has never been a great public servant of this country who has feared to undertake the responsibility his position required of him. The government, in acting on their own responsibility, have acted

* Paraphrased from Demosthenes, *Olynth.* B. 25.

constitutionally, and their action will not be misinterpreted by the nation. The English people understand that the ministry, so far from starting a novel policy of their own, have been rather endeavoring, as Lord Salisbury puts it, to gather up the threads of English tradition which Liberal policy had so rudely broken. They see that the Tories maintain the authority of the sovereign, not in her mere personal capacity, but as the representative of the majesty of England. The imperial instinct the government have encouraged is not the inflated self-esteem by which, according to Mr. Lowe, every Englishman comes to imagine himself an Alexander or a Sesostris, but the legitimate pride the Englishman feels in the inheritance transmitted to him by the valor of Clive and Wellington, by the statesmanship of Chatham and Hastings. And the empire they are resolved to defend is not, as Mr. Gladstone pretends, a disjointed property of leagues and acres, but a vast moral and political system, involving the highest interests of mankind, the empire of constitutional liberty.

In conclusion, we turn once more from politics to taste. If, as we hold, the recent action of the government amounts to a reassertion of the true life and character of England, and if the policy thus inaugurated is to be permanent, then we shall see a reflection of this spirit in our art. As the passion for liberty has prevailed in society over respect for authority, so in art the rage for analysis has weakened the spirit of action. The union of art and society, which in the days of Reynolds, and even in those of Scott, was so close, has been completely severed. At a time when the fate of his country is in the balance, the English poet is found dreaming of earthly paradises, and the English painter is delineating the incidents of the modern nursery, or the manners of mediæval music parties. Nor can it be said that, in society, the generous feeling of equality between those who provide imaginative pleasure and those who pay for it, so prevalent in the early part of this century still exists. What, however, if the ancient love return, the artist relinquishing his preference for cliques and coteries, society discarding its vulgar belief in the inferiority of art to the money by which art is rewarded, and both recognizing that their highest interests lie in preserving and reflecting the historic spirit of their national constitution?

Writing in opposition to the tide of individualism, which was then at its height, we

said in 1873, "Nothing is so likely to recruit the exhausted powers of our poets as admission of fresh air from the outer world."* At that date the insularity of our foreign policy, and the apparently boundless prospects of our trade, seemed to have deadened the instincts of the people to the sense of national honor. But a change has come; we are once again in communion with the world; and it only remains to be seen whether the rising representatives of our art and literature will reflect the feeling of the nation in their ideal region, by restoring the old traditions of English taste.

Two events of the greatest interest in connection with our subject have lately occurred. The first is the institution of the Society for the Elevation of the Stage, mentioned by the Bishop of Manchester at the Church Congress in Sheffield. We observed that the bishop, in his speech on the occasion, very characteristically appealed to the middle classes as the people from whom the elevating impulse was to proceed, and that the course which he advised them to adopt was a policy of abstinence. Whenever they disapproved of a play on the score of morality, they were to mark their disapprobation by staying away; then the managers would find that immoral exhibitions did not *pay*. We venture to prophesy that no reform will ever be effected by this negative policy, or by making money in any shape the standard of art. As far as the influence of public taste is brought to bear upon the character of the drama, we want an active intervention of that which is best in all classes, the refinement of the upper classes, the sound morality of the middle classes, the energy of the lower classes. But the reform must be initiated on the stage itself. Managers, authors, and actors, like ministries, must have courage, and believe that their audiences do themselves injustice in their present standard of taste. It will not do merely to revive the plays of Shakespeare on the stage, though that in itself is much; we need dramatists who will write in the spirit of Shakespeare, plays imbued with the genius of true action, historic or poetic, comedies at once healthy and well-bred, melodramas (for after all a good melodrama is not to be despised) which have nothing to do with the order of modern life.

The other event to which we allude is the election of a new president to the chair

* "State of English Poetry," *Quarterly Review*, July, 1873.

once occupied by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The choice of the Academicians is in every way worthy of the institution they represent. Sir Frederick Leighton at least cannot be said to have lowered the dignity of his art by any ignoble concessions to what is false and vulgar in contemporary taste. With a true admiration for the old masters, an exquisite sense of ideal beauty, and perfect technical accomplishment, all his pictures exhibit unmistakably a love of painting for its own sake. May we not venture to hope that, sharing so largely as he does in the gifts of the most illustrious of his predecessors, the painter of the "Procession in Honor of Cimabue's Madonna," will, under a new sense of responsibility, impress, both by precept and example, on the students of the Royal Academy, the greatness of that old and noble *English* spirit which lives in the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds? We cannot claim Mr. Ruskin as an authority in our favor; but it is a pleasure to us to quote his true and eloquent observations on the influence of national spirit on art:—

It is a fact more universally acknowledged than enforced or acted upon, that all great painters, of whatever school, have been great only in their rendering of what they had seen and felt in their early childhood; and that the greatest among them have been most frank in acknowledging their inability to treat anything successfully but that with which they had been familiar. The "Madonna" of Raffaele was born on the Urbino Mountains, Ghirlandajo's is a Florentine, Bellini's a Venetian; there is not the slightest effort, on the part of any one of these great men, to paint her as a Jewess.

Apply this principle to all the branches of English art and imaginative literature; let it be extended to what is historic and fundamental in English society; let it be interpreted by what is classic in the practice of English painters, poets, dramatists, and novelists; by the disciplined freedom of Reynolds, and Wilkie, and Turner; by the monarchical liberty of Shakespeare; by the republican orderliness of Milton; by the chivalrous common sense of Scott; let this be done, and we shall acquire a basis of authority, by starting from which the artist may become a law to himself. Voluntary his obedience will be, but it will be at the same time unqualified. Yet his application of established principles will by no means lead him to the mere reproduction of ancient forms. Wide regions of imagination are still open for his invention to explore. He has the history of this country to raise his ideas of action; the fresh life of the colonies to furnish him

with variety; the annals of India to inspire him with romance. In his endeavor to re-establish the broken links of national tradition, he may move at first with something of stiffness, but he can encourage himself by reflecting on the success that attended the generous aims of the school of the Carracci, who revived painting in Italy at a time when all the true principles of composition seemed to have been forgotten. If the English artist continue to work in a similar temper, his task will become lighter with familiarity; congenial subjects will occur to him; his style will insensibly adapt itself to the circumstances of his age; and he will find that, by following the spirit of the English constitution, he has touched the heart of the English people.

A DOUBTING HEART.

BY MISS KEARY,

AUTHOR OF "CASTLE DALY," "OLDBURY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

A LORD OF BURLEIGH.

THE windows of Air Throne stood wide open, and an incessant melody of rumbling wheels in the street far below, and shrill twittering of sparrows in the eaves, came through, with now and then a hot puff of smoke from a neighboring chimney, bringing a cloud of smuts to settle unheeded on the bare tables and the empty easel. The place had a strangely forlorn, unused look, in spite of the spring sunshine that poured in at the casements and made dusty squares of light on the floor. There was however no one to notice its unnatural appearance but Mildred West, who, having suddenly recollected that more than three weeks ago she had promised Christabel Moore to attend to the airing of her rooms in her absence, had rushed up and thrown the windows wide. Then, having spied out a book of Katharine's, left on a distant dusty shelf, she carried it to the hearth-rug, and was now seated before the empty grate, with her elbows propped on the skeleton's box, greedily devouring the contents of her prize. Of late Mildie's opportunities of securing a free half-hour for the absorbed reading which was a prime necessity of existence with her, had been too rare to admit of her being at all fastidious as to the circumstances under which the treat was taken. She could read standing upright on the stairs, while the

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Gentle Lamb was squirting water down on to her head from an upper story, by way of experimenting on the old practice of torture by water. Or in the twilight of the shoe-hole, where Mary Anne occasionally imprisoned her in bitter exasperation at the disastrous result of her efforts to supply Emmie's place by volunteer work down stairs.

The safety and solitude of Air Throne, let it be ever so unlike itself, might be supposed to supply all that was needed for absolute enjoyment; but, as we said before, Mildie was not altogether the dry student she supposed herself. There were avenues to her soul that were reached by other than her favorite ways of taking in knowledge, and now, while she believed herself to be wholly occupied in an attempt to understand the mechanism of the ear, the outside aspect of the place was stealing into her mind without her having given it leave to be noticed, and was gradually drawing her thoughts into a new channel. After a while the pensive spell grew too strong to be resisted. She left a page unturned, dropped her head into her clasped hands, and allowed the underlying thoughts to come to the front.

What a long time it was, to be sure, since that evening when she had brought Mr. Anstice up here, and Casabianca had made him sit on the skeleton's box! How different Air Throne had looked then! How still more striking were the changes that had come over the people then assembled round the fire! It was winter then, to be sure, and now it was spring; but the passing of one season into another did not use to bring anything to remark upon. Spring generally stayed outside Saville Street, or only entered in the form of glaring sunshine and hot dust. Emmie, as her letters showed, had got into a new sort of spring this year, and Katharine had filled two sheets with a description of a mountain ramble, instead of with the abstract of a lecture she had promised; and Christabel—that was the strangest of all—Saville Street had not kept the spring out of her face on the day when she had told Mildie about the sketching-tour she had planned with a friend, and asked her to take care of her rooms and of her letters in her absence. How fresh and bright she had looked on the morning when she left the house early, in a new white piqué dress that surely ought to have been kept for Sunday wear, and with a white felt hat on her head, that would have seemed babyish on any one else, but which made her look—like an angel, Mildie thought, or yes—

a bride. Then a vision of Christabel as she looked that morning came back, and Mildred's thoughts hovered over it, taking it all in as she had hardly done at the time.

A pure, white, dazzling vision, strangely unlike the Christabel who used to flit up and down stairs behind Katharine, like her shadow, pale and dim. There had been plenty of color and light in the face that Mildie now recalled, and tried to read as she had not thought to read it at the time. What a soft, dewy light there was in the large eyes, whose beauty, Mildie believed, no one had ever noticed but herself (people were so stupid); and what a trembling smile on the red lips, with something wistful and troubled on the face too, now she came to think about it, which caused her some surprise! For she does not care so much about me, Mildred thought, as to be troubled at bidding me good-by, and she said she was coming back in a fortnight. Why did she seem almost sorry to go away for such a short absence, and why, just at the last, when the cab that was to take her to the station was at the door, did she run back into the inner room and kneel for a moment by Katharine's bed, as if she had forgotten to say her prayers that morning? People were certainly very strange this year, and their ways were harder to comprehend than the mysteries of acoustics, which Katharine's book promised to make quite plain sailing in time, if one could but give one's mind to it.

Then Mildie wondered if she ought to have told any one about Christabel's strange behavior that morning. Yet, who was there to tell? Mrs. Urquhart was away in Devonshire, and the doctor hardly ever at home, to say nothing of the utter impossibility of stopping him in his rapid flights up and down stairs to tell him such a story. Mamma, herself, no!—not if everybody in the world were going away to be married secretly, could Mildie have given her mother a fresh cause for anxiety just then. She could not knowingly add a straw's weight to the load of care under which her mother was sinking—yes, sinking. How grave Dr. Urquhart had looked after his interview the other day; and how seriously he had talked of the necessity of persuading Emmie to come home earlier than her late letters promised! Poor, unsuspecting, blind Emmie! If she understood how things were going on at home now, would she write long letters about village dances and flowers, as if one could be quite happy, and

forget one's whole family, and all the troubles in the world, just because the sun was shining?

Mildie, feeling as if she stood upon a height of sad experiences, looked with a little contempt upon the childishness into which Emmie and Christabel appeared to have descended lately. If falling in love (and Mildie had not been as unobserving as her mother of the frequent recurrence of Wynyard's name in the *La Roquette* letters) meant such stupid preoccupation, such selfish folly, nay, such deceit, as the conduct of her two former models appeared to witness to just now — if falling in love necessarily dragged one down into such depths as these, Mildie registered a vow that she would faithfully keep clear of any such calamity in her own life. She would never fall in love — no! not if a mathematician, who had discovered a new planet like Adams, or a philosopher as great as Humboldt should come to ask her. Neither Emmie nor Christabel had had temptations of this nature. Wynyard Anstice might be clever, but he always slipped away from the discussion of any topic of real moment. And as for the cousin, Mildie remembered that when he had called on Christabel, about a week after Katharine left, and she had chanced to look in during his visit, she had found him before Christabel's easel, pretending to have a drawing-lesson, but not working earnestly, for he and Christabel were laughing over his failures like two silly children. Contemptible, indeed, to fall in love with a man who could not even draw as well as herself!

Was that one of the boys coming to summon her to tea already? — and had she wasted a whole hour of the afternoon? No, there was no one in the house now, who ran up-stairs with such a light springy step, unless — Mildred sprang up without waiting to complete her conjecture, and found it already answered, for the door opened, as she turned round, and Christabel stood in the entrance. Christabel, certainly, though to Mildie's startled eyes it was not quite the same Christabel she had been used to see enter that room, nor yet the radiant vision in the white piqué dress to whom she had bidden good-by three weeks ago. Had she grown an inch or two taller? or what was there in her present appearance which arrested on Mildie's lip the remonstrance for coming back without due notice, which occurred at the first moment of surprise. This new Christabel who walked straight to the table and seized at once on a heap of Katha-

rine's letters lying there, did not look a person to be scolded so easily as that other one had used to be.

"So you are come?" was all Mildie ventured, when, after tearing open and devouring the contents of the latest letter, Christabel turned to shake hands with her. "So you are come back? Has Mary Anne seen you yet?"

"Not yet," said Christabel, laughing; "the Gentle Lamb opened the door for me, and helped my box into the hall; but I hope Mary Anne will forgive me for coming back, as I have brought her a present, and one for you, too, Mildie; so please to leave off staring at me with such wide-open eyes. What is the matter with me? Have I changed into some one else since I went away?"

Christabel smiled as she spoke, and yet a sudden rush of color came up and dyed her cheeks under Mildie's scrutinizing gaze — nay, her very smile had a sort of defiant consciousness in it, that a stupider person than Mildie might have noticed.

"I don't know," answered Mildie bluntly. "Where have you been?"

"To several places," said Christabel; "further away, perhaps, than I thought to travel when I stood here last; but that won't make my presents less welcome, I hope."

"I don't know," repeated Mildie. "Does Katharine know where you have been?"

"Katharine has been travelling herself, and I see that my letters have missed her; but she has not been uneasy. I knew I should find a great budget here."

"Why don't you take off your hat and your gloves!" said Mildie, a little falteringly, when Christabel had taken up another letter and begun to read it.

Christabel did not speak at once, but she put down her letter and looked at Mildie, and for a second the dreamy blue, and the honest grey eyes encountered each other. Mildie, whose consciousness of honest intention was at first stronger than her suspicion that she had been impertinent, tried hard to hold out, but at last her obstinate lids fell, and her cheeks crimsoned.

"My dear child," said Christabel slowly, "when your mother asks me any questions, I shall be ready to answer them, and in the mean time, I think you had better go down-stairs and ask Mary Anne to send me some tea, for I have had a long journey to-day."

Mildie escaped from the room without another look; but the instant the door

closed behind her, Christabel gathered all Katharine's letters into a heap in her lap, sank down into the nearest chair, and covered her face with her gloved hands.

"There," she said to herself, "I have fought my first little battle, taken my first step in concealment, and it was horrid — horrid. Will every day, every hour bring something like it? Will the burden be always as heavy as it is now, when I have only carried it one day? I did not know how hard it would be when I promised; how even the reading of Katharine's letters would be poisoned, because they were not written to *me*, but to that other self whom I left behind me nearly a month ago. But I must not lose heart, just because he is not here at my side to make it seem right. He has gone to do what is as hard to him as concealment from Katharine is to me, and till that is accomplished I will bear my part. I must do now what I could not make up my mind to do while he was with me. I must make my left hand tell a lie, and look like Christabel Moore's hand again, which it is not."

Then hearing sounds of some one mounting the stairs, Christabel drew off her gloves, and with them two rings, from the third finger of her left hand, which she slipped on to a little chain of Katharine's hair she always wore round her neck. When, a minute after, Mildie entered, carrying a tea-tray, she found her standing before the empty grate, with her hands resting on the chimney-piece, looking fixedly at them, with quite the old dreamy expression on her small, pale face. It relieved Mildie immensely, for she felt that she had again got some one in the house whom she could influence, and order about and bully a little when she thought it needful.

"You did not suppose that Mary Anne would bring up your tea herself, did you?" she began. "You will find you won't get anything just now, unless you go down for it yourself, or come to me to help you. It's lucky the weather's so warm, for we have given up having a boy to help, and Mrs. Urquhart's servant has gone with her into the country, and there's no one to do anything but Mary Anne. As to carrying trays to the attics of course she won't."

"Never mind," said Christabel, rousing herself, "I have not grown into an useless log during my holiday; I shall soon fall into my old ways, and give very little trouble."

"Except in answering the door to — to your visitors," observed Mildie meaningly. "Christabel, I want to tell you something."

"Well."

"The old watchmaker has called four or five times while you were away, to ask for you; and papa heard him talking to the Gentle Lamb in the hall one evening, and he was dreadfully annoyed. He told mamma afterwards that he would not allow lodgers in the house if they were to have callers and his children had to open the door to them."

"I will explain it to David myself. The Gentle Lamb shall not have to open the door to him again," said Christabel.

"Or — or to — other people," stammered Mildie.

"Or to the only other person who ever does come to see me, I promise you," said Christabel with dignity. "No, I am not angry; but you had better leave me now, for I have all these letters of Katharine's to read and answer before bedtime."

But though Christabel glanced eagerly through her letters as soon as she was left alone, it was but a hurried search through the pages, to gather the bare facts, leaving the intermediate sentences of loving anxiety and conjecture as to Christabel's own doings unread. Neither did she take up the letters again and prepare to answer them when her slight meal was finished. She took a low seat by the window, and sat for more than an hour, watching the slow fading of the daylight from that little square of sky between the heads of two chimney-stacks, which had been hers and Katharine's summer prospect for so many evenings of the two past years. When the darkness drove her at last to leave the window and light her lamp, and she had replenished the dried-up ink in her inkstand, she took a note-book from her travelling-bag instead of a sheet of paper, and began to write in it.

"Yes, dear Katharine," she scribbled rapidly, "I will write my real daily letter to you here, before I begin that other one that has to go by the post, which will not be real, and which I shall write with double pain to-day, in this room so full of your true face, and with no other face opposite me to explain my conduct to myself. Will what I have written here, day by day, explain it to you, when I put this book into your hand, and ask you to read it from beginning to end; or shall I see in your dear eyes, as you look up, that contempt for me — for us — I have noticed there sometimes when you have spoken or heard of people who, in order to clutch at some great joy, had acted unworthily? Will any explanation make you understand my love for a man, who, having a right to his own

will in this matter of marrying me, was not strong enough to take it openly, at the risk of opposition and entreaties from one he dreads to pain? my *so* loving him, that I consented to put the pain on you, Kitty, and on myself, to spare that other? We are the strongest, darling — and have you not told me often that our part is to bear and bear, for pity you say, and now I say for love? Why should we love the strong and not the weak, when they hold out their hands to us, and say, 'You only can help me to be the best there is in me to be, only you'? But what is the use of all these words which rush into my mind with the tears to my eyes that are hindering my writing? You will see their sophistry as I do even while I write them. You will say that I have not been helping him up, but dragging him down, by consenting to the weakness of this first step, and that it is a bad omen for the future. You would not have done it, darling, I know, but — well — we throw ourselves at your feet and ask you not to despise us. I will give up trying to explain to you why I love him. I will not make any more pretences even to myself. I don't think him a great genius as I fancied at first, but he is my lover — my husband — he has picked me out of all the world — *me* to love — and I love him — and there is nothing more to be said. Oh, yes, I shall find a thousand things to say in his praise! when you let me talk to you about him, on that first happy day, when you know the whole truth, and your anger at the concealment is over, and you are letting me show you how it was with me after you left me alone. How the fancy world in which I had lived so long crumbled away from me bit by bit, to let this one reality, my love for him, stand clear, and I felt like a person rising up from a long dream, to stand bare but glad in the daylight. I am perhaps paying the penalty of having dreamed so long, by being now so shut up in the supreme feeling that has awakened me; yet can I fear while my sun shines upon me?

"When you have read as far as this page you will have followed us through the whole wonderful month of our wedding journey, and I hope you will forgive me, when I confess that, in spite of twinges of conscience, I have shared the delight he has taken in throwing an air of adventure and romance over every step of the way. What a great deal seems to be crowded into that short time now I look back upon it! How the horizon of life has widened round me as the days passed on, and how brightly he has led me forward; taking a

sort of childlike delight in surprising me with glimpses of worldly prosperity and ease — such as you know, and he knows, I never dreamed of stepping into, through my marriage with him, hinting sometimes at a further surprise that will dazzle me in the future. As if anything could dazzle me when the wonder of such love as he gives me is filling my eyes so full of light that I can see nothing else!

"What dear jokes we had, about Fortunatus's purse, during the first few days we were together, when I tried hard to economize the magic coins, so as to have to return the little old charmed purse to its owner as seldom as possible. What endless amusement he seemed to find in admiring my economical feats — till that day came, after we had been married about a week, when I told him seriously that I thought we ought to take out our sketching-boards and begin to work, and he, looking penitent and almost sorrowful, broke it to me that he was not an artist at all. Nothing half so good, he said; but would I forgive him, and take him for what he was, an idle fellow, whose life had been worthless till he fell in love with me. That evening, when we were out walking, he stopped me by a gate in a shady lane, and pointing over fields and woods, to a gleaming white house on a distant hill, he asked me, should I feel at all like the Lady of Burleigh, if one day he should take me to a great old place like that, and tell me it was mine and his.

"I am afraid he was disappointed, do you know, Katherine — that I stood silent, showing no curiosity, and asking no questions, for a great fear and awe fell over me, and I could only clasp his arm tightly and hold my breath. I don't think it was quite the Lady Burleigh feeling of regret that the life I had looked forward to — the life of working with him, and helping him, was all a dream; I think that expectation had been falling away from me ever since our wedding morning. It was rather a sudden dread lest I had done a greater wrong than I knew, and taken some great lot stealthily that was not meant for me, and that I should never be happy or feel right in. It was a momentary feeling, but it checked his impulse to confidence, and the next morning I could see he was glad to get back to our Fortunatus's-purse play again. He was pleased to find me unwilling to break the charm of blind dependence on him, and of looking into a golden future, of which he only holds the key. He reminded me that I had once said I would rather have Fortunatus's

purse than a great estate, and said, half seriously, half playfully, that I might take my choice when I liked, but that for his part, he should vote for Fortunatus's purse, at all events, for a year or two, while we were young. And then, after another fortnight of such thoughtless happiness as I suppose we shall never have again, we found ourselves back at the hotel in Derby, where we had stopped after our first day's journey, and where we had directed letters to be sent to meet us. I had nothing, but he found a telegram, to summon him to go at once to his mother, who had been taken ill, in some far-away place in the north of Scotland, where it seems she has a house. The telegram was several days old when it reached us, and we settled, with how much pain I shall not try to tell you, Kitty, that he must start for the north to-night, leaving me to return to this house alone. It was a hasty, miserable parting, for he was full of remorse about his mother, with whom he had had some little quarrel before she set out for Scotland, and to whom he had not written since 'our day.' I can understand that, Kitty, for I know how hard I find it to write to you. As for me, well, I have got over the parting, and perhaps the first letter will bring me the best of news, for he promised, just at parting, that as soon as his mother was well enough to bear the news — yes, he said that, Kitty, at the last minute, and what a stab the sentence was to my pride — as soon as she was able to bear the news he would tell her about me, and set me free from my promise of secrecy. Good-night, Kitty, I am going to read your letters through carefully now, and answer your questions as far as I can. If you wonder at the vague information I give you, and grow anxious, and rush over here to find out for yourself what has changed me, it will not be my fault. He will not expect me to conceal anything from you, when you are sitting close to me and looking in my face. Before you can come I shall have heard from him, and he will have told me what to do. I will not let even my wishes be disobedient to my husband till then, for I know he will take the one cloud out of my sky as soon as he can. Ah! but there will always be its shadow left; for in my heart and conscience I know that it can never, after this concealment, be quite the same between you and me, Kitty, as it was before. There can never be the same clear open page of life between us, where no secret had ever been written; we shall

never sit hand in hand together in this room as we used to do, feeling our hearts one. But I must not begin to think of this on my first solitary evening, or it will be all over with me. I will turn to my letters. Good-night again. I shall make you kiss me when you have read this sentence, whether you quite love me as you used to do or not."

But Christabel was not destined to read Katharine's letters through that night; she had hardly reached the end of the first page, when an interruption came that gave her other things to think of than even Katharine's letters.

CHAPTER XXII.

"NOTHING CAN TOUCH HIM FARTHER."

MILDIE found, as might have been expected, that a large slice of the afternoon had been consumed in her visit to Air Throne, and that an accumulation of neglected duties awaited her down-stairs. Sidney and the Gentle Lamb had broken the handle off the drawing-room door while constructing an ingenious system of telegraph wires on the staircase, and when Mildie had, by great exertion, secured an entrance to his own room for Dr. Urquhart, she discovered that her mother's cup of cocoa, which she ought to have had at five o'clock, was still standing on a slab in the hall. Remembering the importance Dr. Urquhart attached to her mother's taking some refreshment in the afternoon, she seized the cold mess and rushed into the drawing-room, determined to force her mother to swallow a mouthful or two whether she were inclined for it in its present state or not. She felt very remorseful when she saw that Mrs. West had already taken her weary stand at the window, and was looking down the street with that sad look of frightened expectation in her eyes that had been deepening there ever since Emmie went away.

"Dear mamma," Mildie said, a little crossly, because she felt more pitiful than she could well bear, "I do wish you would ring for your cocoa when you want it. Dr. Urquhart said you were to have it regularly, and there might be some chance of your getting it before it is quite cold if you would only remember it yourself. Mary Anne and I can't be everywhere at once, and think of everything."

Mrs. West submitted meekly to be scolded by her youngest daughter, as she did to everything else that came in her way.

"My dear," she said, returning the cup after swallowing a third of its contents with great effort, but with no complaint, "my dear, you know that in the best of times Mary Anne never liked the dining-room bell to be rung in the afternoons, and since I can do so little for any one, I don't wish to be a burden. I was reading over Emmie's letters to pass the time, and hoping that it was not much after five o'clock, and that I need not begin to wonder yet why your father and Harry did not come home."

"I'm sure," said Mildie vindictively, "they come quite soon enough for any good or use their society is to us. No, I don't mean to complain of Harry, though he has chosen to be glum ever since Christabel Moore left the house; I was thinking of you, mother dear. I am sure you hear grumbling enough of an evening after papa comes in; I can't understand why you want to begin sooner."

"Oh, Mildie dear, your father!"

"Yes, I know he is my father, but that does not make it any better for you," persisted Mildie. "I do think when he has been out all day he might have the sense not to talk you to death about miserable things when he comes back at night. Why should he scold you if things are going wrong at the office? How can you help it?"

Mrs. West smiled at the word scold.

"I almost wish it was me instead of himself he scolded," she said sadly; "if you knew, dear, how he is always blaming himself because he has not been able to do well for us you would be more sorry for him. It is his love for us that makes him miserable, and that has perhaps pushed him on to some of the mistakes he repents so bitterly now, dear; we cannot be too patient with him."

"You are patient," cried Mildie, with a great impatient sob, and then she stood silent, while rebellious thoughts, such as come to young eager minds when the sad side of life is too persistently thrust upon them by their elders, swelled within her. Patient, indeed! but why should the whole world be clothed in sackcloth for them just because their father had failed to keep the place in the world he had been born to? Could he not make one moan for it and have done, and let them all sink contentedly to some new sphere and wash their hands once for all of old pretensions and traditions that Mildie for her part despised? Was it, after all, such a great thing to be wealthy, that failing in that

aim there should be no place for you and yours to hide their heads in? Looking down into her heart, Mildie could not find the deep sympathy for her father's persistent misery she knew ought to be there.

"I believe I am a bad-tempered, hard creature," she said at last, "and there is no good in my talking to you, mamma, for I can't say anything you will like to hear. I will go and make tea for the boys, and bring you a cup to make up for the cold chocolate, if papa will only stay away long enough to give you time to drink it in peace."

"There's Harry!" exclaimed Mrs. West, who had turned to the window again during Mildie's fit of silence, "coming home again without his father."

"But he looks quite jolly," said Mildie, "he is nodding to us while he scrapes his feet. I'll run and let him in."

Though not given to bestow much attention on what went on around her, Mildred had received a vague impression during the last few weeks that some fresh cause of anxiety had arisen connected with her father which lay at the bottom of her mother's new fidget, as she called it, to have him safe at home before dark. The impression was deepened now by the first look exchanged between her mother and Harry when he entered the room. She read in it a whole volume of secret fears that perhaps had never found words on either side, and her curiosity and anxiety were fully aroused at last.

"All right, mother," Harry said cheerfully, in spite of that first involuntary look. "He'll follow me in twenty minutes, or half an hour at latest. This time it's only that Cummins sent for him into his private room about a letter that he had neglected to post. Yes," in a lower tone, "I could not help it; it would not have done for me to wait about for him while the other fellows were watching. He's sure to come straight home to-night after the pulling up he'll have got from Cummins."

"Poor papa!" said Mrs. West, sighing. "Well, you'll come back after you have had your tea in the schoolroom; your father'll be very low to-night, I'm afraid, but you'll come back and stay for the rest of the evening with me."

"All right," said Harry again, with just a shade of disappointment crossing his face.

"Make a good meal first, my boy. It is pleasanter for you there than here, I know," said Mrs. West, sighing, "and that is why I like you to take your meals

with the younger ones, where you can talk as much as you like. I know it's sad and dull for you here."

"Oh, never fear for me," said Harry brightly, "I shall do well enough; and as for eating, I am a whale to eat anything that comes to hand anywhere. I only wish you and my father were likely to eat a tenth part of what I'm going in for just now."

He stooped to kiss his mother and Mildie, whose conscience smote her with fear lest this "anything" he spoke about so glibly should not be forthcoming, rushed off to the schoolroom to ascertain that the boys had not drunk up all the milk and made deserts of the bread-and-butter plates while she had been keeping them waiting for supper. For once fate, in the shape of an organ-man, with a troop of performing canaries, had favored her, by drawing the depredators out upon the leads, and when she had made tea in peace and taken the promised cup to her mother, she sidled up to Harry, hoping to draw him into a little confidential talk before the boys came down. He had not brought as courageous a face into the schoolroom as he had shown to his mother, or something had happened since to depress his spirits. Mildie found him with his arms crossed on the mantelshelf and his head laid down upon them in a strangely disconsolate attitude for him. She had of late been daily growing in respect for her old tyrant, and would have surprised and even disgusted him a good deal if she had ventured to tell him her thoughts about the part he had been acting since this new stress of trouble set in. Hero, indeed! stuff and nonsense; as if any one could help doing for his father and mother what he did. It just had to be done, and there was nothing to talk about. This new-born respect restrained her from roughly interrupting his reverie now, and she stood silently looking at the section of forehead and cheek visible above his arms, thinking there was a good deal of change here too since Emmie went away. At last he raised his head and said abruptly, —

"So she has come back, has she? You've seen her, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Mildie, disappointed that the conversation had taken that direction — "yes, I saw her, but she did not tell me anything. I took her some tea, and she sent me away directly afterwards."

"I shall have to carry her box up-stairs, at all events; there's no one but me to do it. How does she look?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Mildie. "I wish you would not worry about Christabel Moore, when there's so much else to think about. *She* looks well enough. She can go away for a month and enjoy herself, and think nothing of us all the while."

"And why should not she?" cried Harry fiercely. "We're not such pleasant people, as far as I know, for any one to want to take thoughts of us away with them on a holiday. We might as well let *her* enjoy herself without complaining."

"I did not mean to complain," pleaded Mildie; "and at all events you can't see her now, for she is busy writing letters to Katharine. I wish you'd talk to me a little about other things; it's so seldom you and I are alone together; and I should like to know — it would be a relief to me, Harry — what papa does, when he's out by himself, that makes mother so anxious, and that has turned you so — so — crusty," concluded Mildie, resolved not to err on the side of flattery, whatever her thoughts might be. "Tell me once for all what it is we have to fear."

"Where's the use of your knowing? You may be satisfied that it is bad enough," said Harry, covering his face with another groan. "Where's the use of bringing misery nearer by talking of it? It will come fast enough, I can tell you."

"I should like to be prepared for it, to know what to do."

"You'll not have anything to do in it. How should a girl like you?"

All Mildie's combativeness would have been roused by this speech three months ago, but she was learning womanly wisdom fast.

"I know I never am of much use," she said; "I'm too unlucky. But if you would trust me —"

"It is not that I don't trust you," groaned Harry. "I should be glad enough to have some one to talk to now Emmie is away, only I hate a long yarn; and one does not know how to speak when it's one's own father, and one is so sorry for him, and knows that he has been badgered and tempted into it all. Stay, look here, you're quite old enough to take a hint," and, to Mildie's surprise, Harry stretched his hand to the bookcase, drew out an old illustrated copy of "Master Humphrey's Clock," and opened it at the picture which shows little Nell seated in a corner of the inn kitchen, and watching, with startled, sorrowful eyes, her old grandfather playing a game at cards in company with three sharpers, who exchange glances of satis-

faction as they note the imbecile expression of face with which he is choosing the card he is about to throw down.

"Can you remember," said Harry, with something like a sob in his voice, "the old times when we were small, and he used to tell us stories from these pictures after dinner, sitting on his knee by turns? Emmie used always to be frightened, and cover her eyes, when we came to this one."

"I recollect the dessert, and mamma's pretty evening dresses, and the ornaments she let me play with, but I was too young then for the stories," answered Mildie.

"But you have read this book; you can guess what I want to tell you; you know why little Nell had to take her grandfather away from Mrs. Jallop's."

"Because he gambled, and she was afraid he might be tempted to take Mrs. Jallop's money. So that is what you're afraid of? I did not know it was so bad as that," she added, turning again towards the picture, and looking with disgust at the cunning foolish face of the poor old man. "I don't wonder that Emmie hated this picture."

Harry took the book from her hastily and thrust it back into its place.

"I don't hate it," he said slowly, after a minute's pause. "I think pretty often of it, and of the story as father used to tell it to Emmie and me. It comes back to me as he told it, and somehow seems to explain things. Poor father, he had not any notion then of what he would come to. It was all plain sailing with him then. He thought he'd come into life at the right end—at the top of the tree—and that it was his chief business to keep there, and to put us there. He's never been able to feel right anywhere else; and since he came down, he's always been looking, first in one way and then in another, for the stroke of good luck that was to put him back again, till at last — Well," said Harry, putting his finger to his forehead, "I suppose one can't go on expecting impossibilities and being disappointed every day of one's life without its telling on one's brain in the end, and when it comes to that, one's not responsible. Making money is a sort of mania with him now, since he took to haunting places of an evening where he can bet and play for money."

"Where does he get the money to play with?"

"Ah, that's it!" said Harry. "I think he has borrowed a good deal lately from Uncle Rivers, and other old acquaintances who used to pity and respect him till now,

when he's taken to begging, poor father! he who used to be so proud; but they are not likely to go on supplying him long. Cheques and notes pass through his hands sometimes at the office, and Cummins has such a spite against him, and is so tired out with his meddling and mistakes, that I believe he'd rather catch him out once in a fault of that kind, and make a show of magnanimity to a fallen man by merely dismissing him, than put up with him in the office much longer."

"And Mr. Cummins sent for father to-day, as you were leaving. Oh, Harry! and you said all right when you went in to mamma."

"It's more likely than not to be one of the every-day rowings, and one must keep up one's spirits as long as one can."

Mildie put her hand on Harry's shoulder and said, half under her breath, "You've got to bear the anxiety all by yourself; it's very good of you."

"Nonsense," cried Harry; but a quiver passed over his face, and he did not shake off Mildie's hand. They stood a moment together in silence, and then Mildie asked, in a subdued, awe-struck voice,—

"You don't think father ever will do that—about the cheques?"

"Not if he quite knows what he is doing; but when people get muddled by thinking night and day just of that one thing—winning money—and when temptation is constantly put in their way on purpose — But no; what I am really afraid of is appearances turning against him accidentally, and Cummins, who has, I know, been looking out for a chance of getting rid of him, taking advantage of this habit to put him in the wrong."

"I almost wish it would come," said Mildie, "the worst that has to come, and that it was well over. If we go with a great crash quite down to the ground, we shall get up again like Antæus, you know."

"No, I don't," said Harry; "never heard of the beggar. Let him slide; what has he to do with us?"

"Ah, well!" said Mildie; "what I mean is that I should like to make a fresh start, washing our hands of this big, gloomy house, and the pictures of rich old Aldermen Wests on the walls, and the pretence at late dinners, and the calling ourselves ladies and gentlemen. I should like to begin again at the bottom and see what we could do. We would all work. Yes, you may laugh at me, but I could, Harry, I could black grates, and scrub and drudge, if I'm fit for nothing else, for I have been

doing it lately, though nobody has known anything about it."

"I have!" answered Harry, putting his arm round Mildie's waist, and taking away her breath by actually kissing her on the forehead. "You're a brave girl, Mildie — I'll say that for you — though you are a bit of a pedant; and I've noticed, if no one else has, how pluckily you've put your shoulder to the wheel lately. You'll show yourself a regular brick, I'll answer for that, when the worst comes."

"I wish it were come, then," said Mildie, glowing under this immense praise; "with you to help me, Harry, I should not mind anything."

"But we don't know what the worst will be yet," groaned Harry. "You're a brick, as I observed before" (stooping down and kissing her again). "You and I can stand up against whatever happens; but there's the others to think for — my mother, and Emmie, and the poor old governor. I don't know how he'd bear another fall, or where it would take him to. There, you'd better pour out the tea. Is not that the kitchen clock striking seven? I'll get my tea, and if he has not turned up by that time, I'll stroll out again to see if I can hear anything of him at any of his usual places. It will be better than sitting still, anyhow."

The meal was over before any interruption came, and Mildie followed Harry out into the hall for the sake of hovering about him while he took his hat, and looked into the drawing-room to say a few cheering words to his mother before he left the house.

"You might bring Christabel Moore down to sit with mother while I'm away," he suggested wistfully, when he had reached the hall door. While Mildie was searching her mind for some inoffensive way of insinuating that his panacea of comfort did not equally suit their mother, a new direction was given to her thoughts by some sounds outside the house that seemed to fill her ears and arrest the beating of her pulses, as no sound, no ear-piercing shriek or wail of woe had ever done before: yet they were the merest every-day sounds, footsteps, approaching and pausing before the house, and rapid wheels stopping suddenly at their door.

"Dr. Urquhart coming back," observed Harry, who had heard, and strangely enough turned pale at these common occurrences, too.

"It's not Dr. Urquhart," said Mildie, in a whisper.

"There!" cried Harry, pushing her towards the dining-room door. "Go in there to mother and keep her from looking out of the window, whatever you do, while I see what it is. Do go at once."

But the precaution was a second too late. Mrs. West had resumed her watch at the window the instant Harry left her; and while he was speaking the dining-room door opened, and she came out with a marble face, and an expression in her eyes that Mildie never forgot.

"Open the door, Harry dear," she said. "It's — it's — your father; they are bringing him home — ill — I think. Quick, dears — let me pass, I'll go myself; he must not be kept waiting — I must get to him quick."

Mildie, in wild terror at her looks, threw her arms about her to keep her back; and Harry went to the door and opened it wide. At the bottom of the steps there was a little procession, two or three men carrying a heavy something which seemed lately to have been lifted out of a cab that was drawn up near. At the top stood Mr. Cummins, white and agitated, and in a hurry to speak. He seized Harry's arm to keep him from running down the steps, and forced him back into the house.

"Keep your mother and sister out of the way, for heaven's sake," he whispered. "Take them somewhere before *that* comes into the house. I hurried on here to prepare — to explain — to save you the first shock, if I could. Get your mother out of the way, at least."

"What is it?" asked Harry hoarsely.

"A fit. There *may* be life left; we don't know. I sent for a doctor and he is there, with the — with your father, bringing him in. It all happened in a minute. He had got up to leave the room, and just as he reached the door, he fell down as if he had been shot. I had been speaking to him quite quietly."

"Yes, I daresay," said Harry, between his teeth. "Let go my arm, if you please." Then, as Mr. Cummins tightened, rather than loosened, his grasp, horrified at the deep unspoken condemnation which those stern young eyes burned down into his very soul, Harry threw him off, sending him staggering forward into the hall, and rushed down the steps to meet the slowly mounting procession, — four men carrying a limp, recumbent figure between them.

"You had better go back; you had better not come near just yet," a kind professional voice said in his ear.

But Harry did not heed the words; he only saw a poor, worn, iron-grey head and a white face swaying wretchedly backwards and forwards, and he pushed the figure nearest it away, and took it on his own shoulder. The white forehead touched his cheek as he bent down, and the half-closed eyes seemed to look cloudily, but with a strange, still, dignified calmness into his. He had never felt a chill like the chill of that touch, never seen that film in any eyes before, but he knew by instinct what it meant, and, strange to say, the feeling that first rushed into his mind was not grief so much as a sad, solemn triumph. Out of the reach of human scorn at least, snatched away from the trouble that was too strong for him.

The fever called living is conquered at last.

A thought something like this rose in Harry's mind, calming the anger which the sight of Mr. Cummins had excited, lifting him for a little while above the sting of grief, and the pangs of pity. His mother's face, as white almost as the face on his shoulder, met his eyes the instant he had lifted his burden over the threshold; but her agonized look did not overcome his courage, for he had a word of comfort ready.

"He is safe, mother," he said gently. "Look at him; he has got away from it all. Let us carry him up-stairs to rest."

Yes, he has escaped from the long, long struggle, the frantic grasp after shadows which he sees now had no substance behind them; escaped indeed, but with empty hands, with nothing to show for his gift of life, no thankfulness even, only long, long years of disquieting himself in vain; dust and ashes of regret stored in his soul, for possessions whose worthlessness he recognizes now — clearly enough — now that he has got away from the misleading glare that had bewildered his vision, into the daylight of God's countenance at last.

Dr. Urquhart returned home in the midst of the sad confusion, and quietly took upon himself the necessary arrangements, while Christabel carried off the two boys to Air Throne, and devoted herself to keeping them out of the way of the elder mourners. It was Dr. Urquhart, who, quite late at night, raised the question which no one had thought of till then of how the news of her father's sudden death was to be conveyed to Emmie. No one liked the thought of her receiving it by letter so far from home, with no possibility open to her of returning at once to those

whose grief she would long to alleviate. When at last Mrs. West had been persuaded to go to bed, Mildie, Harry, and Dr. Urquhart met in a sad little conclave in the back sitting-room to consult what should be done.

"If I could but be spared to run down to the south of France myself and bring her back in time for the funeral," said Dr. Urquhart, with a sudden light on his face, which somehow jarred on Mildie's overstrung nerves terribly, "If I could go, I could perhaps break the news to her better than any one else, having been on the spot, I mean. It would, of course, be a great shock. She would bear the tidings best from some one who came direct from home. Don't you think so?" he added, turning for counsel to Mildie in the anxiety, which, on this one matter, was strong enough to make him distrust his own judgment.

Miserable as she was, Mildie had time for a recollection of passages in Emmie's letters which caused her to feel a little contemptuously towards Dr. Urquhart's certainty that he could comfort her sister.

"It would not be at all a good plan," she pronounced steadily. "Mamma will want you here, and, besides, you could not take Emmie away from Aunt Rivers unless some one went out with you to take her place. Uncle Rivers is the proper person to bring Emmie back to us; and Alma must go out with him, and take care of her own mother. Mamma will ask for Emmie as soon as she begins to care for anything that is left."

"Of course," replied Dr. Urquhart. "Your sister's return is the only thing to cheer her at all."

"And Uncle Rivers must bring her," persisted Mildie. "We ought, perhaps, to have sent to him and Alma at once; but there would have been no use; we should not have found them at home. I daresay they are coming back from some grand party at the Kirkmans' or the Forests' just now."

It was decided, before the council broke up, that Dr. Urquhart should call at Eccleston Square early on the next morning to acquaint Sir Francis with the state of affairs in Saville Street. If no more time were lost, Dr. Urquhart thought it possible he might make the journey to La Roquette, and return in time to attend the funeral.

"A token of respect which he would, no doubt," Dr. Urquhart said, "be anxious to pay to his brother-in-law and the family."

"As if that could do *him* or us any good," Mildie said in a low voice, as she turned away to go back to her mother.

"As if we any of us wanted pretences now."

Mildie was to sleep with her mother in Mrs. Urquhart's room to-night. But before she began to undress she went into that other room which had changed its character so strangely since morning from a commonplace bedroom to a stately presence-chamber. It was empty when Mildie entered, except for the still form that lay on the bed, its features sharpened already, showing under the white sheet that covered it. Mildie did not put back the folds or look at the face; alas! of late years, it had not been a lovable or loving sight to her. A great cloud of something had veiled all its fatherliness from her more thickly than the white sheet shrouded the irresponsive features now, and to bring back the father she could honestly weep for, she must look back a long way.

She knelt by the bed, and, covering her face with her hands, searched her memory for old, old recollections that could wake up the filial regrets she hated herself for not experiencing more vividly. That time, when, a very little thing, she had fallen down on the stairs, and her father had picked her up tenderly and carried her to the nursery; and that summer vacation, when they had all gone into the country together, before their misfortunes began, and he had been very good to them all. Mildie was sure she could quite recollect a ride on his shoulders, and that she had helped to bury him in a sand mausoleum on the shore. On one of her birthdays he had called her to him and kissed her quite of his own accord, and he had praised her diligence only the other day when, coming by chance into the schoolroom, he had found her absorbed in a German book. Yes, yes; there was this time and that, little sparklets of gold, gems of love and kindness showing among all that blank darkness, to be remembered forever, to live on in memory now that an end had come to all else, now that no opportunity could come for another such word, for another claim on a daughter's love to be made by him who lay there, her father, the only earthly father she could ever have, though this was all she knew of him.

Mildie bowed her head and thanked God for the little store she had culled, the precious store, the few words and looks and thoughts her father had been able to spare to his child from that daily and nightly absorption in sordid cares which the world had exacted of him, and repaid him for yielding it by emptying his life of all true life, and breaking his heart at last.

From The Fortnightly Review.

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF AMERICAN COMPETITION.

THE competition between the United States and the manufacturing nations of Europe, and especially Great Britain, for the leading places in supplying with machine-made fabrics those nations that do not yet use modern machinery is a subject that just now excites great interest. It is not only important in reference to the peculiar circumstances of the present time, but much more important when we consider the momentous consequences that might follow the establishment on the part of the United States of a permanent manufacturing supremacy. If any such permanent change is indicated by existing circumstances, the cause for it must be looked for in radical and important differences in the competing nations, and not in any temporary and abnormal circumstances peculiar to the present time.

It is some of these permanent differences which we will more especially consider in the present paper. In comparing our power to compete with England we may claim advantages of one kind, and with the nations of Continental Europe advantages of another, in some respects of a different order. In competition with England it is often claimed that our chief advantage lies in a certain alleged versatility and power of adapting means to ends, and in great quickness of perception on the part of working-people in respect to the advantages to be gained by the adoption of new processes or inventions. If we have this advantage, there must be special causes for it in the influences that are brought to bear upon the operatives and artisans who do the work, for a very large portion of them are foreign-born or are the children of foreign immigrants. Why should they work with any more zeal or judgment here than in the countries whence they have come? Why are Irish and French Canadian factory hands to be relied on for more steady work, larger product, better discipline, and more cleanly and wholesome conditions of life, than the operatives of England, Belgium, and Germany? To the writer it appears evident that these advantages, so far as they exist, are due mainly to the following circumstances.

First. Our system of common and purely secular schools, attended by the children of rich and poor alike.

Second. Manhood suffrage.

Third. The easy acquisition of land.

Fourth. The habit of saving small sums

induced by the establishment of savings-banks throughout the manufacturing states.

Fifth. The absence of a standing army, and the application of the revenue derived from taxes on the whole to useful purposes.

In respect to the first of these influences, the public school system, the foreign observer generally takes notice only of the quality of the instruction given, and though he may find something to praise, he finds also much to criticise; he finds in many cases the instruction bad and the subjects often ill-chosen, and he wonders at the misdirection of a force that might be so much more wisely applied. What he fails to notice is that the school itself, entirely apart from its instruction, is the great educator of the children who attend it. The school is, first of all, no respecter of persons; the stupid son of a rich man led in every class by the son of a mechanic cannot in after life look down on him as an inferior, whatever the conventional position of the two may be. Or if the rich man's son have brains as well as fortune, the poor man's son can never attribute to fortune only the lead that he may take in after life. The school is thoroughly democratic, and each pupil learns in it that it depends on himself alone what place he may take in after life, and that although society may be divided into planes, there is no system of caste and no barrier in the way of social success, except the want of character and ability to attain it. The associations of the common school utterly prevent anything like servility in the relation of classes in after life, and although it is sometimes made a little too manifest that "one man is as good as another, and a little better," on the part of those who are more eager than discreet in their effort to rise, yet on the whole the relation of the various classes which must in the nature of things always and everywhere exist, is that of mutual respect, and anything like the old-world distinctions of caste and rank would seem about as absurd to one as to the other. The common school is the solvent of race, creed, nationality, and condition.

Americans note with amazement the difficulties which occur in England on sectarian grounds in the establishment of secular schools. The school committees with us are apt to include members of every denomination, and usually the clergymen of each denomination serve their turn. In the town where the present writer lives there are about eleven hundred pupils in the free schools, which are super-

vised by a committee of nine members. On the present committee are the clergymen of the Unitarian, Episcopal, and Swedenborgian societies, and among the lay members are members of the Orthodox, Baptist, and Catholic societies. The absence of sectarian prejudice was lately illustrated in a notable way in St. Louis, Missouri. One of the principal Baptist churches was burned; the next day the pastor received offers from eight Christian congregations of several denominations to use their churches half of each Sunday, but all these were declined in favor of the offer of the Jews, whose rabbi urged the use of their synagogue on the ground that his own congregation did not need it on Sunday at all; and in the Jewish Synagogue, on the following Sunday and since, the worship of the God of Jew and Gentile has been conducted under Christian forms.

In another way the discipline of the schools affects the processes of manufacture. In the schools, cleanliness, order, and regular habits are enforced, with deference to the teachers and respect for authority; and in these later years coupled with the teaching of music and drawing in all the principal towns and cities. When children thus trained are removed to the mill or the workshop, habits of order and cleanliness, with some æsthetic taste, are already established. Nothing strikes an American manufacturer with so much surprise as the extreme untidiness of the large textile mills of England, and the dreariness of the factory towns. In this respect, however, it must be confessed that the managers of the New England mills are greatly aided by the absence of smoke, the coal commonly used being anthracite. Much surprise is often expressed by our foreign visitors at the amount of decoration permitted in the fitting of stationary and locomotive engines, and in much of our machinery, but bad as the taste displayed may sometimes be, it is nevertheless a fact that such engines or machines are better cared for and kept in better repair than where no individuality, so to speak, is permitted. On one of our great railways the attempt was not long since made to despatch the locomotives as they happened to arrive at the central station, sometimes with one, and sometimes with another engine-driver; but the immediate and great increase in the repair account caused the corporation to return very soon to the customary plan of giving each driver his own locomotive with which he may be identified.

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every pupil a superficial knowledge, if no more, of the geography and resources of the country, which the universal habit of reading newspapers keeps up. Hence comes the almost entire absence of any fixed character in the labor of the country—every boy believes that he can achieve success somewhere else if not at home. No congestion of labor can last long—the war and the succeeding railway mania combined concentrated population at certain points to a greater extent than ever happened before, and it has taken five years to overcome the difficulty; but within these five years a million new inhabitants in Texas, half a million in Kansas, and probably a million and a half added to the population of Nebraska, Colorado, Minnesota, and the far north-west indicate that the evil has already found a remedy.

It is already apparent that a very slight increase in the demand for skilled workmen in certain branches of employment would not easily be met in the Eastern States except by drawing upon England and Germany. During the years of depression the cessation of railway building, and the use of the excess of railway plant existing in 1873, has caused the dispersion of a large portion of the trained mechanics and artisans who then did the work of supplying this demand; but these are not the men who have crowded the eastern cities and caused the apparent excess of laborers out of work—such men have gone back to the land, or in the new states and territories have found other ways in which to apply their skill and energy, and they will not return. It may be that the greatest danger to the manufacturers of England will not be in our competition in the sale of goods in neutral markets, but in our competition for the skilled workmen and artisans who make these goods, when we again offer them equal or higher wages and better conditions of life in the work that will very soon need to be done to supply the increasing demand in our own country.

The patent system may here be cited also as a factor in our industrial system. It has been carried to an almost absurd extreme, so that it is not safe for any one to adopt a new method, machine, or part of a machine, and attempt to use it quietly and without taking out a patent, lest some sharp person seeing it in use and not published, shall himself secure a patent and come back to the real inventor with a claim for royalty.

Manhood suffrage, subject as it is to great abuses, and difficult as it has made

the problem of the self-government of great cities where voters do not meet each other, as in the town meeting, face to face, but where the powers of government are of necessity delegated to men of whom the voters can have little personal knowledge, yet works distinctly in the direction of the safety, stability, and order of the community. Outside of two or three of the very largest cities, where there are concentrated great masses of illiterate foreign-born citizens, it would be difficult to find a case of serious abuse of the power of taxation except in the South since the war, where the evil is now mainly abated.

The writer of this paper lives in a small but very rich town containing about seven thousand people, adjacent to a great city; in this town one-half of the voters pay only a poll-tax, having no property of their own liable to taxation, and of the poll-tax payers, again, a very large portion, if not a majority, are of Irish birth or extraction. The town has been guilty of many acts of extravagance during these late years of delusive prosperity, and is burthened with a heavy debt; but not a single one of these acts of extravagance has ever originated with the poll-tax payers; they may have sustained such measures, but they have been led into them by men of property and influence. One-fourth part of the population of Massachusetts, the manufacturing state *par excellence*, are foreign-born, mostly Irish and French Canadians, yet nowhere is property more safe, state and municipal credit higher, or elections more orderly and more free from violence. To the man who thinks he can correct the abuses under which he suffers, or supposes that he suffers, by his ballot, any other method seems beneath his dignity, and violent acts like the riots in Pennsylvania a year or two since excite little general uneasiness, because it is felt that there must have been, as indeed there were, special and local causes for them, even though such causes may not be positively or publicly defined.

The easy acquisition of land throughout the country under simple forms of conveyance registered in every county gives a motive to economy, and induces habits of saving that are of supreme importance in their effect on society. In the town to which the writer has referred,—and in which he himself can remember the coming of the first Irishman, who became a landowner,—out of about one thousand owners of real estate over two hundred are of Irish birth or extraction. The richest

one among them came from Ireland in 1846, a steerage passenger. He now pays taxes on property of the value of fifty thousand dollars, almost all in real estate; his son is superintendent of the repairs of highways and one of the most efficient members of the school committee.

During the last thirty years the factory population of New England has passed through three phases. First came the sons and daughters of the New England farmer, but as the sewing-machine and other inventions opened new demands for women's work, women of American birth passed out to easier or better-paid employments, while the men took up other branches requiring more individual skill. Their places were taken mainly by Irish, with a few Germans and English; but the Irish saved their earnings, and as the New England yeomen emigrated to the richer lands of the great West, they passed out of the mills to buy up the deserted farms of the poorer north-eastern states, where by their persistent industry and manual labor they achieve success and gain a position which satisfies them, but with which the native New Englander is no longer contented. Their places in the mills are now being more and more taken by the French Canadians, who in their new conditions and surroundings show little of the stolid and unprogressive character which have kept them so long contented on their little strips of land on the St. Lawrence River. In the very air they breathe they seem to imbibe a new and restless energy, while the intelligence shown by their children in the schools augurs well for their future progress. On the whole, the simplicity of our system of land tenure, and the ease with which small parcels may be obtained, must be rated among the most important factors in considering our possible advantage over other countries.

Next in our list comes the savings-bank. In 1875, out of the sixteen hundred and fifty-two thousand inhabitants of Massachusetts, seven hundred and twenty thousand were depositors in savings-banks to the amount of two hundred and thirty-eight million dollars (£49,000,000). During the late years of depression the deposit has decreased somewhat in amount, but the decrease has been chiefly owing to the withdrawal of money for other investment, especially in United States bonds. There have been some failures of banks and some losses, as might well have been expected, but they have been less than in any other branch of business, and the savings-bank system stands firmly based

on well-earned confidence, and offers an easy means of saving the smallest sums to every man, woman, and child in the state.

To these causes of quick adaptation to any conditions that may arise, or to any necessity for the application of new methods or devices, may be added the custom, which has almost the force of law, of an equal distribution of estates among the children of the testator. *Tools to him who can use them* is the unwritten law, and neither land nor capital can remain long in the possession of him who cannot direct or use them wisely. Liberty to distribute is esteemed as important a factor in our body politic as liberty to accumulate, even though the liberty may sometimes lead to the apparent waste of great fortunes.

Finally, it must be held that our freedom from the blood-tax of a standing army, and the fact that the proceeds of taxation are on the whole usefully and productively expended are among our greatest advantages, and this is asserted with confidence, notwithstanding the misgovernment of some great cities and of several of the Southern States. What are these failures but proofs of the general confidence of the people in local self-government? Great frauds and great abuses can only happen where integrity is the common rule; where each man distrusts his neighbor, or each town, city, or state distrusts the next, the opportunity for fraud or breach of trust cannot occur. The use of inconvertible paper-money during late years has not been without its necessary malign result upon the character of the people, and the newspapers are filled with the fraud and corruption that have come to light, but no newspaper has ever yet recorded one fact that offsets many frauds. In the great Boston fire one of the Boston banks lost, not only every book of account, but every security and note that was in its vaults, amounting to over twelve hundred and fifty thousand dollars. On the morning after the fire its officers had no evidence or record by which any of the persons or corporators who owed it money could be held to their contracts, yet within a very short time duplicate notes were voluntarily brought in by its debtors, many of whom knew not whether they could ever pay them, because the fire had destroyed their own property, and the ultimate loss of that bank from the burning of its books and securities was less than ten thousand dollars.

Our army is but a border police, and although its officers are held in honor and

esteem, military life is not a career that very many seek, and as time goes on it will become less and less an occupation to be desired. Although officers of the army have several times been the candidates whom political parties have found it expedient to adopt for the highest executive offices, army influence in legislation has been very slight, and any attempt to increase it is more a cause of jealousy and suspicion than of favor. If the Indian question were not at once the shame of all our past administrations, and the problem most difficult of solution among all that are now pressing upon us, it is doubtful if our army would consist of more than its corps of trained officers with a few soldiers to keep our useless old forts in repair. Thus we are spared not only the tax for its support, but the worse tax of the withdrawal of its members from useful and productive pursuits. It is in this respect that we claim our greatest advantage over the nations of Continental Europe. What have we to fear from the competition of Germany, if we really undertake to beat her in the neutral markets which we can reach as readily as she can? For a little while the better instruction of her merchants in her technical and commercial schools may give her advantage, but that can be overcome in a single generation, or as soon as the need is felt with us, as it is now beginning to be felt; after we shall have supplied our present want of technical education, the mere difference between the presence of her great army on her soil and its necessary support, and the absence of such a tax on us, will constitute the difference on which modern commerce turns, when the traffic of the world turns on half a cent a yard, a cent a bushel, or a halfpenny a pound on the great staples; no nation can long succeed in holding the traffic that is handicapped with a standing army. The protection of Germany from our competition in neutral markets may be offset in our yet more dangerous competition for men. The German already knows Texas, and in the one block of sixty thousand square miles of land by which the State of Texas exceeds the area of the German empire, we offer room and healthy conditions of life for millions of immigrants, and on that single square of land if they come in sufficient numbers they can raise as much cotton as is now raised in the whole South, that is to say, five million bales, and as much wheat as is now raised in the whole North, that is to say, four hundred million bushels, and yet subsist themselves besides on what is left of this

little patch that will not be needed for these two crops.

It will be obvious that even the least imaginative cannot but be moved by the influences that have been designated, and that versatility and readiness to adopt every labor-saving device will not only be promoted, but absolutely forced into action when such vast areas are to be occupied, and when even the dullest boy is educated in the belief that he also is to be one of those who are to build up this nation to the full measure of its high calling. We may not dare to boast in view of all we have passed through, but we know that slavery has been destroyed, and that the nation lives stronger, truer, and more vigorous than ever before. We know that it has been reserved for a democratic republic to be the first among nations that, having issued government notes and made them legal tender, has resumed payment in coin without repudiation or reduction of the promise. We know that we have paid a third of our great national debt already, and that the rest is now mainly held by our own citizens. We know that within the lives of men of middle age now living the nation will number one hundred millions, and that in whatever else we may be found wanting, we cannot long be kept back in our career of material prosperity, which shall be shared with absolute certainty by every one who brings to the work health, integrity, and energy.

If there is any force in this reasoning, our competition with other manufacturing countries in supplying neutral markets with manufactured goods will not be compassed by low rates of wages paid to our factory operatives or to the working-people engaged in our metal works and other occupations, but first by obtaining and keeping such an advanced position in the application and use of improved tools and machinery as shall make high wages consistent with a low cost of production; secondly, by our ability to obtain the raw materials at as low or lower cost. Every employer knows that among employees who are paid by the piece, it is the operative that gains the largest earnings whose production costs the least, because under the control of such operatives the machinery is most effectively guided during working-hours. As it is with single operatives, so is it with large masses — if well instructed and working under the incentives to industry and frugality that have been named, their large product will earn for them ample wages, and yet re-

sult in low cost of labor to the employer. Such workmen never have any "blue Monday." The workman who in this country habitually becomes intoxicated is soon discharged, and his place is filled by one who respects himself and values his place too much to risk his position in dissipation.

Competition with England in supplying the markets of Asia, Africa, and South America with cotton goods is now perhaps the best criterion by which to gauge our ability to compete in other branches of manufacture. It has been often assumed in England that the increasing shipments of cotton goods from this country have been forced by necessity, and merely consisted of lots sold below cost as a means of obtaining ready money; but there is no ground whatever for this general assumption, even though some small shipments may have been made at first with this view. Our export of cotton fabrics amounts as yet to but seven or eight per cent. of our production, and is but a trifle compared to that of Great Britain; but it is not made at a loss, and it constitutes a most important element in the returning prosperity of our cotton-mills. The goods exported are mostly made by strong and prosperous corporations, paying regular dividends. They consist mainly of coarse sheetings and drills, and are sold by the manufacturers to merchants, who send them to China, Africa, and South America in payment for tea, silk, ivory, sugar, gums, hides, and wool. They are not made by operatives who earn less than the recent or present rates of wages in England, but in most departments of the mills by those who earn as much or more. This competition had been fairly begun before the late war in this country, but it is now continued under better conditions. The mills of New England are now relatively much nearer the cotton-fields than they were then, owing to through connections by rail. Prior to 1860 substantially all the cotton went to the seaports of the cotton states, and from there the cost of moving it to the North or to Liverpool varied but little; but at the present day a large and annually increasing portion of the cotton used in the North is bought in the interior markets and carried in covered cars directly to the mills, where the bales are delivered clean, and much more free from damage and waste than those which are carried down the Southern rivers on boats and barges, dumped upon the wharves, and then compressed to the utmost for shipment by sea.

And since large and increasing quantities of cotton are not only taking the inland routes by rail for use in Northern mills, but also for shipment to Liverpool from New York and Boston, it must be in the nature of things that those who buy in New York and Boston will have an advantage in price about equal to the cost of shipment to England, with insurance and other necessary charges included. This advantage cannot be less than a farthing or half-cent per pound, and the factory that uses cotton in the manufacture of coarse and medium goods, such as are wanted in the markets named, at half a cent a pound advantage in the price, can pay twenty per cent. higher wages and yet land the goods, other things being equal, in neutral markets at the same cost with its foreign competitors who pay the higher price for cotton.

Again, in one of the largest mills in this country, more than one-half of whose products now go to China and Africa, the improvements and changes in machinery since 1860 have given the following result. In 1860 the average year's product of one operative was 5,317 lbs. of cloth, and the average earnings of women in the mill were \$3.26 per week. In 1878 the average year's product was 7,923 lbs. cloth, and the average of women's earnings \$4.34 per week. It may also be considered that the gold dollar of 1878 will buy fifteen to twenty per cent. more of the commodities in common use than the gold dollar of 1860. In that factory the average year's work of one operative will give about one thousand six hundred Chinamen five pounds or sixteen yards each of cotton drill, and the entire cost of labor in making the drill, including all payments made, from the agent who controls the factory down to the scrub who washes the floor, is about one and a quarter cents a yard.

This includes the cost of stamping and packing, the custom of this country being to conduct all the processes of manufacture and the preparation of the cloth for the market in the same establishment. The standard printing cloth, twenty-eight inches wide, the fabric more largely produced than any other, is made at a labor cost of less than one cent a yard, including also all the salaries and wages paid and the cost of packing. It will therefore be apparent that the reason why our exports of manufactured cotton, and for similar reasons of other goods and wares, do not increase more rapidly, is not to be found in any excess of cost or in any fault in quality, but in the simple fact that during

the fifteen years of war, inflation, railway mania, and municipal extravagance that preceded the hard times from which we are just emerging, little or no attention was or could be paid to foreign markets, and the very habit of foreign commerce was lost. The ways and means of commerce cannot be improvised in a year, or in five years, but the foundations have lately been laid, and our competition may soon become even more serious than it now is, unless the increasing demand of our home markets for the products of our mills shall again absorb all that we can make. Whether or not we are ready to build mills of any kind for the purpose of supplying foreign markets is a question that the future only can determine.

It may here be proper to say that perhaps the migration of industrial centres, so ably treated in a recent number of the *Fortnightly Review*,* is not to be either promoted or prevented by the possession of great deposits of coal and iron. May it not be true that as less and less power is required, as machinery is simplified and made to run with less friction, and as improvements are made in the combustion of coal to the utilization of a larger portion of the force contained in each ton, the mere proximity of coal and iron, and the mere possession of these crude forces will not suffice, but that the control of great branches of industry will depend on what may be called finer points. It is not very many years since a young man came to New England from the far West to visit the works where ploughs were made: he told the New England craftsmen that they did not fully understand the nature of the prairie soil, that they had not calculated the true curves of least resistance, and that he intended to establish a plough factory on the Mississippi. They did not much fear his competition, but now his great factory, employing hundreds of workmen, furnishes ploughs even for eastern use.

The recent period of depression has taught the lesson of economy in all manufactures, and the northern or manufacturing states are just ready to begin work under the conditions of a sound currency and a system of taxation which, though yet onerous and unfit in many ways, is but a light burthen compared to what it has been. The country is fairly launched upon the discussion of economic questions, a discussion which will not end until the system of national taxation best fitted to our

new conditions shall have been adopted. Our friends abroad must not expect great and revolutionary changes in the matter of taxation. No oppressive duty on food compels action, and there are no advocates for rash or rapid changes. Whether right or wrong in principle, our system now in force was adopted to meet the emergency of war, and our industry has been more or less moulded by and to it. Almost all sources of direct taxation are absorbed by the states as their own sources of revenue, and the national revenue must of necessity be drawn mainly from duties upon imports. It would seem that the experience of nations during the last five years has proved that neither protection nor free trade have availed much to prevent disaster, and perhaps from this conviction it now happens that there is less discussion on these disputed theories than there was ten years since, but rather an earnest desire on the part of almost all men, whatever their convictions may be, that contention shall be avoided, and that whenever the reform of our war tariff is fairly undertaken, it shall be entered upon with care and deliberation, and proceed with as much regard to caution in making changes as was had in England in the conduct of the great reforms begun in 1842 under the sagacious leadership of Sir Robert Peel.

It may also be well for our English friends to consider that according to their present theory the removal of duties on imports enabled them to manufacture at less cost and greatly enlarged their markets. If such was the effect of the gradual and cautious method of change adopted at the instance of Sir Robert Peel, and first applied to the materials which entered into the processes of English manufacture, what might be the effect of the same method in our case? If we begin by abating the duties on materials, while moderately reducing those on finished products which must be kept at a revenue point in almost any case, may not our competition become greater rather than less? If it is becoming serious while we are handicapped according to the English theory by a very high war tariff, what may it be when by common consent without contention it is modified and reduced in a judicious way, and one carefully considered so as not to cause disaster by too radical changes? That such must be the method of change all are now agreed, to whatever school they belong.

In reading articles written in England regarding the effect of tariff legislation in the United States, it frequently appears

* *LIVING AGE*, No. 1808, p. 323.

to be the opinion of the writers that the people of this country have made a mistake in undertaking any branch of manufacturing industry, and that they would have been much more prosperous had they confined their attention mainly to agriculture; conversely that the manufactures of the United States would cease to exist if they were not sustained by a very high and in many respects prohibitive tariff. An example of this method of reasoning is found in the reprint of a series of otherwise very able articles by Mr. A. J. Wilson, under the title of the "Resources of Foreign Countries." Mr. Wilson says: "There is no use in denying the plain fact that the States have succeeded by their high-tariff policy in diverting a considerable part of the industrial energies of the community from the pursuits natural to, and most profitable in, a new country, to the highly artificial, and, for America, mostly very expensive industries of long-settled and civilized nations. Were the sheltering tariff swept away, it is very questionable if any, save a few special manufactures of certain kinds of tools, machinery, railway cars, and fancy goods, and a few of the cruder manufactures, could maintain their ground."

It probably escaped Mr. Wilson's notice that a nation that had passed through a popular national election under the most exciting conditions possible, such as the last election of president, without an act of violence in the whole land, had a sort of claim to be called civilized; but apart from this unconscious slip of the pen the whole assumption may be questioned. The fallacy lies in the common unthinking habit of confining the term manufactures to the product of great textile factories, iron-mills, and metal works. It is not even necessary to remind writers as able as Mr. Wilson that the war of the Revolution was greatly promoted by the attempt of Great Britain to prevent the establishment of iron and steel works and manufactures of wool in the American colonies; but we may admit that if the sheltering tariff were suddenly swept away, great disaster might ensue to special branches of industry that have undoubtedly been developed or promoted by its enactment. Even then the vast proportion of our manufactures would remain unimpaired, and the industries harmed by "sweeping" changes such as not even the most pronounced believers in ultimate free trade would now dream of proposing, could only be retarded in their development. It cannot be assumed by any observant man that

our vast fields of adjacent coal and iron could long remain unused. Even in these last three or four years of extreme depression, a large number of new furnaces have been constructed and put in blast in the Hocking Valley of Ohio, and the production of the best iron is increasing with great rapidity at that point. Neither can it be assumed that with our advantage of position in respect to the production of cotton and food, we could be prevented from at least manufacturing the coarse and medium goods that constitute far more than one-half of the world's demand for cotton fabrics; or that a people whose ancestors had clothed themselves in homespun woollen cloth, could long be prevented from applying machinery to at least the common fabrics that serve the purposes of the million.

Apart even from these special branches, we should surely retain our work in steel wares, for which we even now import a part of the raw material, and yet send the finished product back to Sheffield to be sold; we should retain our great manufacture of leather and all its products; of iron wares of every name and nature; of all the products of wood in which we excel; of all the tools and machinery of agriculture and of the railway service; of all the fittings for the building of houses; of clothing, of carriages and wagons; in short, of all the lesser branches of manufacturing and mechanical industry which may not impose upon the imagination by the magnitude of the buildings in which they are conducted, but yet give employment to millions where the operatives in the special branches to which the term manufactures is apt to be limited can be counted only by hundreds of thousands. The time has gone by for any one to dream of relegating the people of this country to the single pursuit of agriculture under any possible policy, or even to the crude forms of manufacture. Foreign nations can never again supply us with any large proportion of the staple goods or wares that constitute the principal part of our use of manufactured articles. Goods which depend upon fashion, fancy, and style, and articles of comfort or luxury that we can afford to buy abroad, we shall import in ever-increasing quantities as our means of payment increase with our returning prosperity, and we shall, doubtless, continue to collect a large revenue from them. It may also be considered that the repugnance to direct taxation is so great that even if it were generally admitted that indirect taxation was much more costly, the majority of

the people would still choose to indulge in the luxury of the indirect method, and can afford to do so if they so choose.

It is beginning to be perceived that not only the great moral curse of slavery has been removed, but that in that removal perhaps the greatest industrial revolution ever accomplished has happened. Whatever may have been the abuses of the ballot granted to the negro up to this time, it has yet so far protected him that the incentive to labor has not been wanting, and the mere fact that the last eight crops of cotton raised by free labor exceed the nine ante-war crops of slavery is alone proof sufficient of the advance in the production of wealth that has already ensued. Reference has already been made to the rapid progress of Texas, but Georgia invites the immigrant to easier conditions of life. The upper pine lands of the great state are now to be bought by the hundred thousand acres at half a dollar to a dollar an acre, the true country for the abundant production of wool where no winter shelter for sheep is needed and where all the conditions of health exist. The almost unknown valleys that lie between the Blue Ridge and the lateral ranges of Virginia and North Carolina offer homes for hardy men, nearer the centre of civilization than the far West, but passed by until now because of the curse of slavery. If the well-trained tenant farmers of Great Britain who are now surrendering their farms should turn their attention to the opportunities offered in many parts of Virginia, they would find that it needs only brains and industry to put that great state once more on the list among the rich and prosperous communities. Land can be bought in fee simple for a fraction of the annual rent of an English farm, while its proximity to the North gives assurance of ready markets for its products.

May it not perhaps be in the order of events that our competition with England in supplying neutral markets with manufactured goods, will be warded off by the home demand on our mills and workshops to supply the needs of one of the great tidal waves of population that seems about to be directed upon our shores from foreign lands, and that this great cycle of change, which began in our war of 1861, will be ended upon the same soil by the incursion of a great industrial army devoted to the arts of peace to whom that war has opened the way by destroying slavery? When this country was cursed by slavery it was natural that those who boasted at all should boast too much of

our alleged greatness, while those who like a great Southern statesman then "dreaded the future of our country when they remembered that God was just," kept silent. Now we make no boast, but only mark the fact that even abundance may cease to be a blessing when it cannot reach those who need it. We are seeking to cure evils that war had left behind, and now that we stand once more upon the firm ground of a sound currency and feel that we have learned the true lesson of economy and thrift, we look with sadness at the distress in other lands and hope that we may help to remove it.

EDWARD ATKINSON.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS,
January, 1879.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A MEDIUM OF LAST CENTURY.

CONCLUSION.

THOSE West India balls of the olden time have been described by so many powerful pens that I must again take the liberty of abbreviating Mr. Clifton's somewhat lengthy description, which when it was written being new, would no doubt have been infinitely amusing. Quiet as he was, he seems to have had a keen sense of humor; and as he wrote before there was a Michael Scott or a Marryat, he did well to indulge his talent. He tells of the wonderful dresses of the company, which to his eye, fresh from Europe, presented an appearance exquisitely quizzical. He was more impressed by the degree and quantity of beauty in the ladies than by their dresses; but the men he evidently considered to be what we should now call "guys." The busha from Higson's Gap, perspiring in a laced velvet coat, is celebrated by him, as also the wearers of various costumes, some including thick wigs. But especially he notes the hilarity of the whole company, where nobody was *blasé* or cynical, and all the world seemed determined to have a night of thorough enjoyment if possible. He was astonished to observe how all these people, so languid and inanimate in the daytime, became now at night filled with the very spirit of action: how they tore and scampered about the room, the ladies more alive if possible than their partners, their eyes sparkling, their cheeks glowing, their feet twinkling; while the barbarous music screamed, and scratched, and brayed, and clanged, but entirely an-

swered the purpose for which it was provided. Spite of his quiet habits he found himself more than once in the stream which, like that brook which brags that it goes on forever, flowed incessantly towards the "tap" where a dozen colored people dispensed powerful refreshments through a window opening on a veranda, and freely exchanged compliments and observations with their customers. He understood, for he sympathized with, the thirst of his own sex; but it made him open his eyes to see dainty, delicate girls come up to the bar and toss off tumblers of beer, while the attendants remarked to them,—"My, missy, you really lubly dis evening! me long for come hax you to dance;" or "Hei, my sweet missy, you too hansom! you play de debbil wid de buckrah gentlemen to-night; fifty or a hundred of dem, me hear, like a-mad, preasin' for you beauty. Gad sen' dere doan't nobody killed before de mornin', dat all *me* say!" and he marvelled to see them, thus refreshed, return to the business of the evening with a ten times better will than when they began. The entertainment, he says, took place in the court-house. The fresh night air was let in from all sides, and would have been more agreeable than it was if, in passing through the verandas and doors and windows, it had not swept over some hundreds of negroes and negroes who thronged these communications, and laughed and shouted and made remarks with tolerable freedom, so as to elicit sometimes from within a hint of cowskin.

"I hear you, Sam Swig; look out for fum-fum to-morrow, — hear 'ee?"

"S'ep me gad, massa, it not me! it dis Bungo; for him dam v'ice fabour mine. Hei, Bungo! is you not asheamed of you'self? my king!"*

And then such a supper! which for solidity, the ensign says, was fit to put before famished troopers in northern Europe. The viands disappeared, though, at a great rate; and the flying of corks kept up a *feu-de-jote* till long after daybreak. Some few gentlemen, it is hinted, did not, after the third or fourth visit to the supper-room, leave that apartment again until they were assisted out into the sunshine; and some others who did leave it stood about the walls of the ball-room, a little noisy and facetious. But offences like these were easily condoned; for, says Clifton,

* "For him" means "his;" "fabour" for "favor" means "resembles." The Jamaica negro commonly forms his possessive pronoun by putting *for* before the personal.

everybody was tolerably unrestrained. Old Sandy Chisholm appeared there at first the very pink of good-humored condescension. He joked with the young ladies, and had his cracks with the men. Everybody was ambitious of drinking healths with this great man, who bore the process exceedingly well, and seemed only to become more good-humored and jocular (perhaps a little broader in his fun) as the hobnobbing went on. After supper, he swore he would have a reel; and calling forth some of his countrymen and countrywomen, roared at the orchestra for "Loard Macdonald." But to the "spring" the native band was quite unequal: howbeit, a hard-baked Caledonian of the company, laying hold of a musician's *feidle*, made it as potent as the chanter of Alistair M'Alister, and set them working like dervishes. Old Chisholm vaulted and wriggled and tossed his nose in the air, and snapped his fingers, and, every time the tune recommenced, shouted like a Stentor. Never mind if it was in the tropics; the fit was on, and the dance kept going with such animation as was never seen before, and never since, except, perhaps, in Alloway Kirkyard. By Jupiter, it appears to have been great fun! But the ensign could not, he says, have given his description of it at the time, or for years after. His eyes took in all that was going on, but his mind was intent on far other things. He had gone to the ball determined to bring his suspense to an end, if only Arabella could be wrought for a while into a serious mood. But he was thrown off his balance, at first entering the room, by the sight of Mr. Spence dancing with Miss Chisholm and looking much at his ease — nay, supremely happy. This need not have discouraged the ensign, but it was in those days his disposition to be timid and diffident in matters of feeling. He was like enough to be shy and uneasy at the best of times; but an unfavorable incident might have the effect of painfully increasing his bashfulness. He was conscious that his resolution had received a check, and angry with himself that such was the case; while into his mind, as he stood gazing half entranced at the dancers, came some lines of a poet* who was known to youths of that time as well as Moore is to those of the present day: —

Every passion but fond love
Unto its own redress does move;
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs;

• Waller.

Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
Disorder'd tremble, fawn and creep;
Postures which render him despis'd,
Where he endeavors to be prized.
For women (born to be control'd)
Stoop to the forward and the bold.

After a while he succeeded in recovering his equanimity, and when the dance was over, he went up and paid his compliments to Arabella with tolerable assurance. But unfortunately the young lady was not in the gracious mood which he had hoped for: she was engaged for another dance to Mr. Spence, and for two after that to another gentleman; so that, for the present, Clifton was thrown out. He felt a little angry and resentful, and seeing Miss Salmon disengaged, he secured her hand for the next two dances. Flora was gracious enough, at any rate; and as the scene was new to both of them, they found plenty to talk about. She made amusing remarks on the queer customs and accidents, and soon raised her partner's spirits to a pleasanter level. She did not, however, fail to direct his attention to Arabella and Mr. Spence, or to repeat the expression of her belief that they were happy lovers. Clifton had his own reasons for not wholly accepting this view of the case; but he was sufficiently pained and fretted at hearing such remarks; and Flora, content with having just suggested the idea, was too wise to allow herself to be associated in his mind with disagreeable thoughts, and so became sprightly and entertaining, drawing the young man into free conversation. She had discernment to perceive that when the *mauvaise honte* was once charmed away, his words were worth listening to; the sound of them was infinitely pleasant to her ear.

It was late in the evening before the ensign's patience was rewarded by a dance with Arabella; but when this was obtained there did not come with it the slightest opportunity of pouring out the thoughts of which his heart was full. Arabella was as gay and animated as she could be. Her dress and ornaments, which would have been in excess for most styles of beauty, were not too much for her sultana-like head and figure. Clifton had never seen her look so splendid. But he was not the only one who thought her admirable. Attention was offered in profusion from all quarters, and the young lady did not seem in the least disposed to give herself up to any particular admirer. The ball was a failure, the young man saw, as regarded any clearing up of his prospects with his love. But on the other hand, he had no

reason to complain of Arabella's father, who, coming across him, took him off for a drink, and then reproached him for not being more frequently at Blenheim, saying that when he was a youth, the "muckle deil" himself would not have kept him away from a place where he would have been welcomed by "two bonnie lassies." He engaged Clifton to dine with him three days after, and told him to bring one of his brother officers, that he might begin to make their acquaintance.

Among the earliest departures was that of Mr. and Miss Chisholm. Mrs. and Miss Salmon had left them now, and rejoined the doctor; and they (the Chisholms) had come down to stay the night at a house a short distance from the town. Clifton, rather wearied, had gone outside, and was wandering about a part of the verandas which, affording no view of the ball-room, was free from negroes. From hence he caught sight of Miss Chisholm in the ante-room attended by a following of young men all eagerly assisting to wrap her up. He went inside the doorway, intending, as he could do no more, to say "good-night" as she should pass out, and perhaps to tell her of his engagement to dine at Blenheim, but not in the least to interfere with her present attendants. Indeed, not to appear to be particularly interested, he turned away a little, knowing that she would have to pass him, and could hardly miss bidding him adieu. While he stood thus "cooling his heels," as the MS. has it, he felt a soft hand placed on his arm, and looking round to the owner of it, he was electrified to find it was Miss Chisholm's. She had left all her beaux behind, and come up to him as deliberately as if he had been ordered to wait for her. "I will just step outside until papa is quite ready," she said; and then bowing to her deserted followers, she went on to the steps. The road was full of carriages and negroes, the latter of whom kept up a stunning jabber, calling up carriages, wrangling, and butting each other with their heads. Pausing there a moment in the bright starlight, and throwing her weight a little on Clifton's arm, she said in a clear, gentle key, very different from that of the Babel of negroes, and therefore audible to him—"You have not seemed happy to-night; has anything distressed you?" Taken aback as he had been, and notwithstanding that he was much inclined to be on his dignity, the young man did not waste this opportunity. "I have been unhappy, and disappointed too," he answered. "I came here hoping, Miss Chisholm, to

have heard from your lips whether I was ever to be happy again or not."

"From me!" echoed Arabella. "Oh, if I could make you happy, you may be sure I would do it."

"You would! Oh, if I could only believe you meant that seriously!" and he took possession of the hand that lay on his arm, and continued, "Tell me in earnest that I *may* be happy."

"Nonsense!" she answered, but in very soft accents, and with her dark eyes resting gently on his face. "There is papa in the carriage, and waving his whip for me; we must go to him." As she stepped down towards the road a dozen niggers sang out, "Hei! clear de way dere!" But they simply pushed each other about without clearing the way at all, until a man with a long whip dashed in among them. Arabella got safely to the carriage, which was an open one, built for only two, with a flat board across the top supported on four standards, to keep off the sun. As she bade the young man good night, she said she hoped he would be happier now; and then taking her seat beside her parent, away they drove, escorted by two negroes on mules, and followed by her maids and her father's valet or boy on foot, each of these personal attendants carrying on the head a bandbox or a trunk. It is uncertain how long the ensign stood there in the roadway looking out his soul after the enchanting figure. He roused himself at last, and thought he did feel happy, although rather stunned. Presently he went back to the rooms, exhibiting a liveliness which none had ever seen in him before.

"What the deuce has come to Clifton?" asked one of his brother officers of another.

"Slightly inebriated, I should say," replied Worth, who was the person referred to.

He was, but it wasn't with wine or strong drink.

After this the melancholy ceased, and there was frequent visiting at Blenheim, the young man standing fire capitally when they rallied him. As for poor Spence, it was his turn now to feel anxious, and even Miss Salmon could hardly persuade him that his chance was still good. Indeed Miss Salmon herself was much exercised by what she heard, and began to make some very particular inquiries concerning Arabella's fortune, and so on—eliciting answers which rather set her thinking. Sandy Chisholm seemed to take very kindly to the ensign on acquaintance, and for

a few weeks the life of the latter was an Elysium.

There must be breaks, however, in every happiness, and it was a little interruption of the current of bliss when Mr. Chisholm one day, with a grave face, asked Ensign Clifton to give him a few minutes in his private room, and began their colloquy with, "Noo, young sir." The old fellow spoke as kindly and sensibly as could be. He said he had observed Clifton's attentions to his daughter, as he doubted not others had done also, and the time seemed to him to have come when either these frequent visits must be discontinued, or, if ever renewed at all, renewed on an understood footing. Hereupon the young officer spoke up as eloquently and as heartily as a parent could have desired, and Chisholm took his hand and wrung it. He did not, however, depart from his grave tone; but after telling the suitor how entirely he had won his esteem, went on to say that so young a man had no right to make an engagement to marry without the consent of his relations. He (old Sandy) knew the world, and thought old heads and young heads might view such matters differently. His "lassie" was not that forlorn or homely that she need marry into a family where they would look askance at her. And the short and the long of it was that, before he would allow the matter to proceed further, the ensign must obtain his father's full consent, keeping away honorably from Arabella until such consent could be produced. It was a cruel sentence, but Clifton saw the propriety of it, and said he was quite certain his friends would not, could not, object; which Sandy said dryly that he was glad to hear. After some time Clifton said that if he was to be banished from his beloved he would rather not remain close to her, and that he would try and obtain leave (short as was the time that he had been out) and plead his cause himself, returning with his credentials.

"As ye like, sir," said old Sandy; "but remember, ye'll tell her freens aiv'erything about Bell—the haill truth, ye understand."

Clifton readily promised this, thinking that he understood the other's meaning, and believing that the more particularly he described "Bell" and everything connected with her, the more his family would exult in his having obtained such a prize; and then with much entreaty he obtained leave to spend another hour with Arabella.

Unfortunately he did *not* quite understand, poor, simple fellow, what old Chis-

holm meant; but he was soon to be enlightened. It has been said that Miss Salmon, in her chagrin, made many inquiries concerning Arabella; and she soon heard a good deal which she felt certain the ensign did not know, and with which, in her judgment, he ought to be acquainted. Her chief informant was a middle-aged native* lady, whose daughter had married an officer in the regiment; and this lady undertook, at Flora's solicitation, "to have a little talk" with Mr. Clifton. Now that young officer, in order the more effectually to interest the adjutant and all influential men, ending of course with the colonel, in his petition for leave, went to stay a few days at headquarters, so that Mrs. Evitt (that was the matron's name) soon found her opportunity. She bade her son-in-law to bring him to her house one evening; and having established herself *tête-à-tête* with him at cribbage, began to congratulate him on the favor with which he was received at Blenheim. He, as she expected, treated this as raillery, and their game went on swimmingly for a time. At length the lady remarked, "Indeed, then, you may laugh, Mr. Clifton, but there's many a young officer that wouldn't mind winning Miss Chisholm, spite of all her drawbacks. She'll have a finer fortune than many a young miss that's been honestly come by. Hah, there! one for his nob!"

"Mrs. Evitt," answered Clifton, turning very red, "I don't understand you. *Drawbacks! honestly come by!* How can you think of using such expressions in reference to Miss Chisholm?"

"How can I think? You haven't scored that five. Why, there's no scandal, I hope, in alluding to what is notorious. Surely you know very well who Arabella's mother is, and that the old lady is to be seen now on one of Mr. Chisholm's estates—an old mulatto who tells fortunes."

"You are joking," faltered the ensign, turning now from red to pale. "Really you ought not—to—to—"

"Ought, or ought not," proceeded the lady, "there's nobody doubts that Mammy Cis (that's the old crone's name) is mother to the brilliant Arabella."

"For God's sake, don't trifle with—with—don't—"

"Take up your cards, Mr. Clifton, and go on. It's your play. I'm heartily glad you disclaim all intention towards Ara-

bella, since you appear not to know her origin."

"I know that she is Mr. Chisholm's daughter," answered he grandly, "and as charming a young woman——"

"Hoity-toity! Mr. Chisholm's daughter!" interrupted the not very refined lady. "It's Mr. Chisholm's pleasure to make a pet of her, and to bring her out in state as his 'bairn,' as he calls her; but folks might call her by another name if they weren't afraid of flashing eyes and angry looks."

"Call her! what dare they call her?" shrieked the maddened lad.

"They might call her his *slave*. Heavens, don't bite me, but that's the truth! He might *sell* her instead of marrying her; for although not very dark, she isn't white by law—only a quadroon."

The young man got to his chamber he knew not how. He was hardly sane. Here was a pretty account with which to introduce an intended daughter-in-law to an old, proud family! He felt in his soul that it was true. Arabella's prohibition of all mention of his visit to Higson's Gap, and Mr. Chisholm's hints about the whole truth, were intelligible enough now.*

Clifton had not to sue for his leave—the doctors got that as soon as it was safe to move him; for he had a violent fever—a *seasoning* fever, as knowing people called it. But Mrs. Evitt and Miss Salmon knew what kind of seasoning had produced it,—and Miss Salmon also had a fever. Sandy Chisholm, and Arabella too, came down to see the sick man while the fever was running its course, but he could recognize no one; and when he was free of the fever, and hovering between life and death, none but a nurse was allowed near him: and he was carried on board ship in a hammock, with a thick veil over his face.

The blow of course fell as the reader may expect. Clifton did not return to Jamaica, but wrote like a good and feeling young man to Mr. Chisholm, telling him that he had, as he had been desired, told everything to his friends, who would not

* The selection by one of these old sinners of a daughter or of daughters, to be educated as gentlewomen, and acknowledged, was by no means uncommon. Such a selection involved a complete separation from the mother at the time of the daughter proceeding to school, if not before. Maternal and filial affections were generally very mild in such cases—the young ladies desired to have the relationship forgotten, and the elder ladies philosophically acquiesced in ignoring it.

* This does not mean a colored lady, but a white Creole.

hear of the match; that he had never, before leaving Jamaica, opened his lips to a soul concerning his proposal; and that he trusted his short visit there would be forgotten by most people before the letter he was writing could come to hand. He had made his offer with a sincere heart, believing that he could win over his friends to his wishes; but, alas! Mr. Chisholm knew better than he. He implored Arabella, whom he still loved as fondly as ever, to forgive and forget him,—and a great deal more betokening honest remorse.

Mr. Chisholm, as he had foreseen the possibility of such an issue as this, bore the disappointment with equanimity. "I was no' mistaken in the laddie," he said to himself. "He's been aye honorable and true, and there's not a word of hypocrisy in a' the letter. I'd have loved him weel as a son-in-law, and the connection—but there, it's of nae use encouraging idle regraits: what maun be, maun be; and there's as gude fish in the sea as ever cam out of it. As for Bell, she'll maybe greet sairly enough; but she's young, and she'll do weel belyve." Shrewd as he was, though, the old gentleman miscalculated altogether the effect which this news would have upon his daughter. He expected her to be affected as an English or Scotch girl would have been by such a reverse. But he was quite unprepared for the burst of passion with which Arabella received the communication. She wept and shrieked; then poured out a volume of reproaches against Clifton, whom she said she would spit upon and trample in the dust, raging and stamping while she thus raved, as if she were literally crushing her lost lover to pieces; then, exhausted by her violence, she threw herself on the floor, weeping bitterly again, and calling upon her beloved by every endearing name. The variations of her fury continued so long that the old planter was perfectly shocked, and even alarmed, at the paroxysms. Reasoning with her was quite out of the question; but after trying for a long while to coax and soothe her, he spoke a little sternly, and tried to touch her pride. He told her that this was not the behavior of a gentle body, but more like the savagery of the people on the estate, who were unable in any circumstances to control themselves. This, however, did very little good; and when the girl became more subdued, it was because she had expended her strength. She then turned sullen, lay on the floor, and moaned or threatened. It was a most pitiable

case. The old man hesitated from shame to send for a medical man, and the young lady's negro attendants were of no use to him in the circumstances. "My, sar! something mus' upon her mind," one abigail said; while another one brought her a piece of lead to bite (and Arabella bit it), saying, "She will better after she kick lilly bit." No food passed her lips that day, and she never spoke rationally. When she was not in the sullens, she was in such a violent fit as has been described. Of course this could not last, and after some hours Arabella became somewhat calmer; but she seemed a changed girl. She was careless of her appearance, would scarcely eat or drink, and lay sobbing and moaning the half of her time. To speak of anything connected with her trouble was impossible, for it made her rage like a pythoness. Her poor father was almost out of his wits with alarm, and the negro servants had a dreadful time of it. One of them having imprudently hinted, "I think missy mus' a crossed in love," was despatched under escort to the driver, with an order that she should receive a sound flogging. Old Sandy watched the course of her temper; and as soon as he could let her be seen without shame, he entreated Miss Salmon to come and stay at the house, judging rightly enough that the presence of an English lady, before whom she had always appeared as a person of wealth and distinction, would prove a greater restraint on her humors than that of natives with whom her infancy had been familiar,—and Miss Salmon came. The old gentleman prepared Flora for the condition in which she would find her friend, and hinted that they had received disagreeable news concerning some one in whom they were interested in England. But Flora was very little behind him in knowledge of what had happened. Where there are negroes about, nothing can be kept very quiet. It was known all over the neighboring estates, and from them had passed "a Beca"—that is to say, down to Montego Bay—that Arabella in a fit of passion had well-nigh lost her reason; and Flora was not slow to guess what it all meant. An old negress on the estate was very eloquent concerning the case: "I is nat supprise, for truth; doan't me know him modda, hei? dat Cissy de moas' passiony pusson upon de prappety before him turn wise woman. Befo' dis creecha barn, him hab terrible fits ob vi'ience. I is nat astanish."

Whether Arabella cared to see Flora or not, is doubtful; but she did make an

effort to be more reasonable after her visitor arrived. Yet to Miss Salmon the change in her was very marked. She had lost all care about her appearance, and, indeed, seemed to take interest in nothing. Her looks were sadly altered, and though she did not always refuse to converse or to join in amusement, she would sit for hours silent or else weeping.

Mr. Spence, who could hardly fail to perceive, after the ball at Montego Bay, that Clifton had distanced him, did nevertheless make his appearance again at Blenheim after the ensign sailed for England. But he no longer got any encouragement. Arabella, there is reason to believe, had wholly and determinedly given her heart to the young soldier, and was true in her affection, not wishing to practise hypocrisy or coquetry during her lover's absence. Miss Salmon, however, the first time she encountered Spence, mysteriously hinted that the ground might be clear now, and urged him to come and try his fortune again; and this probably she did partly out of pure good-will to Arabella, whose melancholy might possibly be dissipated by the attentions of another young man more readily than by other means. At the same time, be it remembered, it was expected that Clifton would soon rejoin his regiment; and so, if Arabella should accept another lover before he came, it might be as well for her and for Flora too. Spence, who had declined further competition only because he believed it to be hopeless, was not unwilling to recommence his suit. He renewed his addresses; and being by nature an easy-going, cheerful fellow, he was certainly a desirable guest at that season. The fear was as to how Arabella might receive him, connected as he was with the memory of the voyage out and of the chief incidents of the courtship. But she set all minds at rest by greeting him with rather more kindness than she had of late been accustomed to accord to any one. Notwithstanding this, she did not improve in health or spirits, but still underwent the fits of sullenness and despondency. What to her friends was more painful still, was her indifference to her personal appearance and to the observances of society. She went about with her luxuriant hair tangled and disordered: often she would not be at the trouble of putting on a dress, but shuffled along in a dressing-gown, with loose slippers on her feet, and her stockings falling about her ankles; and she might occasionally be seen in this garb on a low seat, with her elbows on her knees and her face

on her hands, rocking herself to and fro. In fact, she was unconsciously following the customs of the negroes. When told of her failings in this way, she would for a time endeavor to correct them; but she soon relapsed. She fancied that she saw visions, all indicative of an early death; and the negroes, who either had heard her utter words referring to these, or else recognized in her the symptoms which indicate a negro visionary, quite adopted the idea that she was in some way doomed.

"Where you takin' dat roas'-fowl, Patience?" asked one of Arabella's *troupe* of another.

"I is takin' it away fram Miss Bell. She not goin' eat it."

"My! it smell nice too; and de ham, and de ochra saace look good. She doan't no better, now?"

"Better! no; she won't better."

"You tink she goin' die?"

"I can't tell, for true. What questions you ax, Iris! How is me to know?"

"Whisper, Patience. I hear Miss Dinah say she see duppy."

"Hei! Well, she really look like it."

"It bad when duppy come. Life doan't sweet noting after dat. You ever see duppy?"

"Me! chaw! my king! Me doan't want for see duppy. Me hope for live long, and be happy wid a sweet nyounge buckra dat come court me."

"Buckra! chaw! For you sweetheart black Billy de driver. It better dan a fun to hear about de buckra."

"Hei! you doan't believe? 'Top and you will see. Him really charmin'. Him 'kin fabour lily. My! how me lub him! But Miss Bell, now; if she grieve, it will bad. She come of a sad race. Her granny, ole Frolic, pine away and die."

"But Mammy Cis no pine away."

"Hush-h-h; no 'peak of Mammy Cis. She will kill for me sweet buckra, and gib me crooked yeyes."

"She will a mad 'posin' Miss Bell die."

"Why she no come and send away de debil dat want for kill Miss Bell?"

Here a cook from the kitchen-door shouted "Patience!" and the two young ladies shouted "Hei!" and separated.

Sandy Chisholm, greatly grieved and annoyed to see his daughter, of whom he was very fond, and in whose beauty and accomplishments he had taken such pride, so afflicted, decided that a thorough change of air and scene would be the best remedy to make trial of. Although he could not without great inconvenience quit the island, he began to make arrange-

ments for a long absence, intending to take the unhappy girl to entirely new scenes—that is to say, to the continent of Europe. There was, however, a good deal to be thought of before he could turn his back upon his possessions.

We now look once more toward Higson's Gap, where Mammy Cis one morning was in a state of great excitement, and despatched little Pinkie to the busha to let him know that she wanted to see him. "Whew!" said the young man; "here's a mess now. I've shot at a pigeon and killed a crow"—the meaning of which exclamation was supposed to be, that Mammy Cis was enamored of him, having fallen a victim to fascinations and embellishments which he had been using for some days to subjugate a coquette in the neighborhood. As a bit of fun, the dangerous rascal rather enjoyed the idea of the *affaire*; and he even speculated upon the bearing which he should adopt in case of his being introduced by the fond old creature to immaterial acquaintances. He finished his breakfast briskly, rather curious to see how the wise woman would conduct herself. When he got to the ground-floor he found her outside her own proper apartment, sitting on a bench and rocking herself from side to side, occasionally groaning as she did so.

"How d'ye, mammy?" the busha said; and hereupon the old body looked up, showing a very sad countenance.

"How d'ye, busha?" she answered.

"You wanted to see me."

"I have to tell you, sar, dat I shall want to use de big house dis evening. You will please open it and make them sweep away de dus'."

There is, on nearly every estate, a larger house than that occupied by the busha, kept for the convenience of the proprietor in case he should choose to reside. It was this house that Mammy Cis desired to have at her disposal for a while. The overseer could not tell what to make of such a request, and began to suspect that the old lady was a little cracked. "Have you got an order from big massa?" he asked.

"No, sar, I have not seen de big massa," she replied; "but dis mus' be done. I only want de peace for to-night. I will keep you from all blame, sar."

"Yes, that's all very fine," said the busha, "but —"

"Sar, what I say I mean, and you know dat I don't always speak for noting. You will please to say if you will do what I

wish, or wedder you will take de consequence."

The "consequence" was an ugly nut. If it meant only a complaint to Mr. Chisholm, he thought he could defend himself by saying that he had no warrant for indulging the old woman; but if it meant a berth next his predecessor over there, he had no fancy for it at all. Conceiving as he did that he had in this world a very distinct mission in which the fair sex was largely interested, he did not quite like coming face to face with cold obstruction.

She let him ponder quietly. After a minute he said, "Well, I don't know what harm it can do. I take a great responsibility, but I suppose you can make all right with the proprietor. Yes, I will have the house opened."

"Thank you, sar. All will be well."

"But, mammy, what the deuce is the matter? You are not like yourself."

"Sar, great trouble come upon me. My chile is sick, and I greatly fearful for de end. Eberying look black. You remember when you bring the nyong soldier buckra to see me?"

"Certainly; but what has that to do with it?"

"My good sar, I see de same cloud dat darken all now when one of dem, de bashful one, come before me. Eber since, de same cloud black about me an' my chile. And now she sicken as if de duppy call her. It is de spirit and not de body dat bad."

"Well, I hope things will take a favorable turn yet, mammy," the busha said.

The old lady busied herself that day in seeing that the big house was properly cleaned and dusted, and tried in that way to keep down the dark presages that were oppressing her. Towards evening she attired herself in a showy robe which had at some time cost a great deal of money. She put silk stockings on her feet, and uncomfortably confined the same in satin shoes. Rings were on her fingers, bracelets round her arms, and on her head the ordinary handkerchief was replaced by a huge yellow turban, rich with pink flowers and tinsel. The principal rooms in the large house were lighted up after sundown, and the old lady took her seat there in great state, ordering several negroes to be about the building in readiness to obey her behests.

Mammy Cis had been, as has been hinted, a favorite slave; and while her charms were effective, had no doubt enjoyed a vast deal of barbaric grandeur. She had been indulged in all kinds of or-

naments and attires that could set off her beauty. She had been allowed to tyrannize over other slaves; and had enjoyed every kind of luxury according to her ideas. She was entirely ignorant, and in her grandest days became but little less uncouth than the negroes in the field. By consequence, when her bodily charms began to fade she was supplanted by a younger slave, and relegated to the retirement in which she was first introduced in this narrative. Of course the condition of such a person was absolutely according to the will of her owner. But generally, faded favorites had not to complain of illiberality on the part of their masters. If they relapsed into savagery, it was because that state was more congenial to them than civilized life. They liked salt-fish and plantain better than the dainty fare which they might have consumed. They liked to stow away in old trunks the finery of their former days, to be paraded, possibly, on some exceptionally grand occasions; but the finery was never allowed to encroach upon the ease of everyday life. Above all, they enjoyed the dirt in which the negroes lived, and preferred to "pig it." With all this, they were fond of reminding those about them that they were not as ordinary slaves, and that "they could, an' if they would," show themselves to be of considerable importance.

In Mammy Cis's case there was still a link to connect her with her ancient glory. She had a daughter whom it was the pleasure of her lord to distinguish above his other offspring, whom he allowed to bear his surname, and whom he did his best to bring up as an English gentlewoman. But this link had been, according to the custom of that society, reduced to the weakest tenuity. The first step in Anglicising the child was to separate her from her mother. Intercourse between them was more and more restricted as the girl grew up; on both sides the ties of nature were to a great extent effaced, but more especially on the side of the daughter. Children thus recognized by their fathers have in many instances disowned their mothers, especially while prosperous. Arabella had not been utterly unnatural, but she had been tolerably unmindful of her dark parent. And the old lady, however contemptible she might choose to appear to ordinary people, always endeavored to be a person of some dignity in the eyes of her child, who had only too much encouragement to despise her.

It is not with certainty known how long

Mammy Cis had been *en retraite* when she first took to divination. Neither can it be determined whether her greatness was thrust upon her by the invisible world, or whether she took to it as a good old-lady-like vice. She possessed, says the M.S., some very curious powers, which it is useless to deny, or to daff aside as shallow imposture. How or why she came by it there is no pretence at explaining.* But to return.

On the day of which we have been speaking, Sandy Chisholm had gone from home on business, and was not expected to return till next evening. In the afternoon Arabella issued orders through her attendants that a mule with a soft pad on it, and a man to lead it, were to be ready in the cool of the evening. She apologized to Miss Salmon for leaving her for a short time, and deputed Mr. Spence to entertain the young lady. When the evening came she set off quietly and secretly, saying nothing of her destination until she was about a mile from Blenheim. Then she informed her escort (consisting of one man and three women, slaves) of her intention to proceed by the least frequented paths that could be found to Higson's Gap. There she arrived about dusk; and desiring all her attendants, save one woman, to remain without and to keep out of sight, she dismounted and went stealthily towards the busha's house, the girl who had come with her professing to know well how to guide her. But as they crept along, the slave-girl's arm was touched by an unseen hand, and the voice of little Pinkie whispered, "Miss Juny, de mammy say you is to come to the big house."

"Who can have told?" said Arabella, amazed.

"Chaw, missy! nobody tell," said Juno; "Mammy Cis know everyting. Come, den."

The last words meant, "Let us change our course." This was accordingly done; and the party, guided by Pinkie, made for the mansion. At the bottom of the stair (which was outside the house) two negro women were in waiting, who exclaimed "Hei!" when they distinguished the figures through the gloom. These preceded Arabella up the steps, and ushered her into the large hall, which was tolerably well lighted, and which looked brilliant to persons who had just come from the dark-

* Since Ensign Clifton wrote this remark, the world has been informed how the empress Josephine was in her early youth told by a colored woman that she would wear a crown.

ness outside. Mammy Cis, in gorgeous array, sat on a faded sofa, attended by two or three more women. She rose as Arabella crossed the threshold, and said, "Welcome, Miss Bell; how d'ye, my child?" At the same moment the glasses on a large sideboard at the end of the room began to jingle in an extraordinary manner; presently the floor shook, and a noise as of a multitude tramping was heard as it were under the house. The negroes looked aghast, and were for an instant speechless with terror. Then they made a rush towards the door, where Arabella was still standing. But the old woman's voice arrested them. "Where you goin' now, you creechas? 'Tand quiet, I tell you; nothing goin' for hurt you. De eart'quake pass." It was all over; it had not lasted three minutes; but it cast a mysterious awe over this meeting of the mother and daughter. There was no embrace, nor any demonstration of affection between them. Arabella said, "How d'ye, mammy?" and was conducted by Cis to the sofa, where they both seated themselves.

"You have come to live in the big house now, mammy?" inquired Arabella, opening the conversation.

"No, Miss Bell, I live where I did. But dat is not a place to receive a fine nyong leady dat live more finer dan a princess."

"Yes," said Arabella; "I live daintily, and I have more than I wish for—everything splendid and delightful; but it does not make me happy."

"My chile," answered the mother, "I know what it is to live in grandeur, and I know your fader can be an open-handed man. I know, too, dat happiness don't come always wid fine tings."

"But, mammy, if you have come here to receive me, how could you know I was coming? I never spoke of it to a soul till after I left Blenheim a little before sundown."

"I knew dis mornin' early dat you would come see me before midnight. Eberyting prepare dis mornin'. But now, Miss Bell, you will take some coffee and refresh yourself. After dat I talk to you."

On a sign to the women, they proceeded to some part of the establishment, from which after a time they returned bearing two large cups of coffee, already sweetened and mixed with goat's milk, no waiter being used. While the women were absent, Mammy Cis had made inquiries concerning Sandy Chisholm, and as to whether there was any pickinny about

Blenheim that he was at all likely to make a "bairn" of. Being satisfied on these points, she exhorted the young lady to drink her coffee, and herself set the example of so doing. When this process had been gone through, the old lady ordered all the negro women out of the apartment.

"You is sick at heart, my chile?" said Mammy Cis, when she and Arabella were alone.

"Yes, mammy, I am very, very miserable, and I feel as if I should die."

"What misfortune come to make you sad?"

"No misfortune; only my heart sinks, and nothing can raise it."

"Dere come a buckra soldier lad here, some time ago, who bring a shadow to de house. You sure he not bring de sorrow?"

"Oh, mammy, yes; you saw him. He told me so. Mammy, you are wise. You can kill him. Do kill him, and my heart will be light again."

"Ah! dis is de matter, den," the sorceress said. "De nyong man doan't love you back."

"Oh kill him! kill him!" said Arabella, getting into one of her paroxysms.

"I think the nyong man not bad. He seem soft and gentle. He please me."

"Yes, mammy, he is soft and gentle. He is the dearest man alive. I would die for him. But he is far away in England, thinking nothing of the quadroon girl. Tell me, mammy, is there a hope that he will be true and will come out again?"

"It was dark about him when he was here. It is all dark now. I can see nothing clear about him, only as at de fust—trouble to me and mine concerning him."

"Cannot ycu tell me, mammy, whether the light will come again? I will believe it if you say so."

"My chile, I can see noting plain concerning you."

"But what do you see?"

"It is all dark about you. I can see neider good man at your side, nor pickinny at your bres', and my heart doan't tell of noting pleasant."

"Then it is as I feared," returned Arabella placidly. "I am going to a far country. I have often seen this fate in the distance; now it is near."

"Your heart is good?"

"Yes, for death my heart is good. I thought you could have given me comfort. At least you show me that no comfort is to be had."

The sorceress did not reply. And as

Arabella looked towards her for her answer it was plain that her thoughts were elsewhere. Her rapt gaze and motionless figure attested it. The quadroon girl sat still for a few minutes, until the old woman's form became less rigid; then she pressed her arm.

"I see you meet de gentle buckra by de cotton-tree in Broadrent Gully. But it not a joyful meeting. De shadow dere still, and you is pale as death."

"I shall meet him," were Arabella's words; "if it is in death, I shall meet him. Let me die, then."

Arabella had now risen to go, for it was getting late. "Go in peace, my chile," said the old lady, as she took Arabella's two hands in hers and pressed them gently. "De Lard sen' you better tings dan I can see for you."

And the young girl slid silently out into the night, and summoning her slave, made rapidly for the entrance-gate. As she turned out of the little square of buildings the busha happened to have come to the window to take a goblet of cool water off the sill, and a gleam of moonlight showed him a figure such as he well knew the estate did not own. Whereupon that young man, persuaded that some lady of distinction had fallen a victim to his charms, rushed to his toilet-table and gilded the refined gold of his person as much as was practicable in a few seconds. After that he sat in agony of expectation for some time, and passed a feverish, restless night—the first of many feverish, restless nights. And while he was waiting in the flurry of a vague hope, Arabella was proceeding homeward in the horror of a vague despair. Heavy clouds obscured the moon, and made the heavens as gloomy as the chambers of her heart.

The desponding races can be induced by an augury, a prophecy, or some equally trifling cause, to abandon hope or desire of living. Once they take a freak of this sort there is no turning them from it. They are as resolute to part with life as people of another temperament would be to preserve it.

Arabella was observed after this to be visited by frequent fits of excitement and depression: the former made her eyes flash like brilliants, and brought bright spots of color to her now sunken cheek. She scarcely consumed food, and it was a marvel how she subsisted. Her father had already selected a gentleman to act as attorney for his estates, and now pushed on his preparations for departure vigorously.

One day when Mr. Spence was exerting himself to amuse her, and Miss Salmon was not present, Arabella, being in a very low condition, for the first time gave way before him to weeping and moaning. The young man had presence of mind to ask no question and to exhibit no surprise, but he redoubled his efforts to cheer her. Suddenly she cast her glistening eyes upon him and said, "You are very good, Mr. Spence, to try and comfort me. But it is of no use; I know my fate."

Spence replied that her fate was, no doubt, to be a healthy, happy woman, admired and beloved. But this remark somehow disturbed her, and her humor changed. There came the bright flashing eye again, and the excited, imperious manner. "I shall not be long here, you may rest assured. You will live and be happy, I hope. But if you care anything for me, there is a thing I will bind you to do for my sake."

"I shall only be too happy to serve you, Miss Chisholm."

"That is well. Now listen to me. You recollect—you recollect our fellow-passenger in the 'Berkeley Castle.' I mean, of course, Mr.—Mr. Clifton," and as she pronounced his name she rose and stamped on the floor, and gave way to great rage. Then coming up to Spence and speaking in a calm voice, though her whole frame quivered with emotion, she went on: "You will go to England and kill him, for he has killed me. I give this to you as a charge: don't dare to disobey." This scene impressed Spence very profoundly. He perceived, or thought he perceived, that Clifton had acted infamously; and, in generous indignation, he thought it would be a chivalrous act to dare the traitor to the field. But he did not take for granted everything that Arabella said about her own condition. She had youth on her side, and might probably outlive, and learn to smile over, her sad anticipations. It was not long, however, before he saw reason to be less confident on this head. Miss Chisholm looked worse and worse, and all her strange symptoms were aggravated. By-and-by a curious rumor got about among the slaves, and soon found its way to the white people. "Hei! missy nyam dirt," which means, *eats dirt*,—and imputed a disorder not uncommon among negroes belonging to a race inhabiting a certain region on the African coast. These tribes were known to be addicted to melancholy and suicide; and when they fell into their despondency, they were observed to swallow at times a small portion of a certain

kind of clay, the provocation to do which was never understood, so far as Clifton was informed, although the fact that such a practice indicated the worst form of hypochondria was undoubted. As all the negro tribes were not liable to this affliction, it was made a reproach to certain breeds of them. "For you modda nyam dirt" — that is, "your mother ate dirt" — being a common form of reviling. It is to be feared that Arabella had only too truly fallen into this dreadful infirmity which was incidental to her mother's blood. Her father heard of the appearance of the symptom with horror and alarm. He completed his preparations now with all speed, engaged passages, and only on the day preceding that of embarkation told the afflicted girl of the proposed change. She received the announcement without showing emotion of any kind, and simply acquiescing in the arrangement.

A little before sunset that evening the sky was black with clouds, and as the night fell, there came on one of those sudden storms with which dwellers in the tropics are so well acquainted. Wind, lightning, torrents of rain; nature convulsed, as if she meant to wreck herself; and then after a few hours everything looking placid and bright, as though there had been no tempest.

The next morning there was an alarm — a great running to and fro — the young lady was nowhere to be found. Her father fancied that, in a fit of mania, she had taken to flight; and he went himself and started all his neighbors to scour the roads and adjacent villages. The negroes seemed to see the hand of fate in her disappearance, and took part in the search without hope of success, and uttering all kinds of melancholy reflections, such as, "I know it mus' come." "She didn't care for live." "Me hear de duppy call her in de storm: him call her name." "O Lord, she gone; and we doan't see her no more."

The search continued all day, but in vain. Sandy Chisholm was in despair when he found the evening approaching; and Mr. Spence, who had loyally kept at his side and assisted him, began to fear the worst. They were some way from home, and pausing to decide on what direction they next should take, when the overseer from Higson's Gap rode up and said he had been tracking them for the last hour.

"Have you anything to tell us of my bairn?" asked poor Sandy.

"Only this, sir, that Mammy Cis bade me follow you and say that you must go to the silk-cotton-tree in Broadrent Gully."

Mr. Chisholm and Mr. Spence looked at each other, each wishing to know what the other thought of this proposal. It was a place they would not have thought of; but Sandy remarked, "Cis is wonderfully sagacious sometimes. I can suggest nothing better. Suppose we go."

Broadrent Gully was a cleft on the mountain-side opening an extensive view over many miles of variegated country, down to the blue sea. It was a place for sight-seers and for pleasure-parties. But not only did it afford a glorious view — it was in itself a romantic and remarkable locality. The bottom of the cleft, which meandered charmingly, was the boundary between two distinct formations of ground. On one side of it — that is, to the right, as you looked towards the sea — the rock rose steep and sharp as a whole, but beautifully broken with rocky pillars and projections, interspersed with slopes and faces of earth, from which sprang forth grasses, shrubs, and trees in much variety. The rocks, where their shapes could be distinguished, were covered with mosses of many colors; the thinly-clad spaces diminished in number and size towards the summit of the steep; and the trees became larger and stronger, the height being crowned with large timber, which was the border of a primeval forest that stretched away for miles over the mountain. On the left side of the chasm the slope was generally much easier. Here, too, the ground was irregular; but it was not so ragged but that there was a turf all over it, which spread itself in graceful irregularity. It had to rise gradually almost to the height of the opposite steep; but it had shown the waywardness of a spoiled beauty or an Irishman's pig, in taking its direction, and thus many a dint and fold diversified its breadth. Trees stood about on this side, but they were single or in very small groups. The distinction between the two sides of the cleft was not invariable. In one or two instances the rock stretched across at a low level, and penetrated a little way into the grass bank on the other side. Where this occurred there was a sudden step in the bottom of the cleft, which would make a waterfall when a stream should be running in the channel. One of these outbreaks of the rock, bringing over with it some of the wild grass and foliage, and showing in itself charming forms and colors, was marked by the growth, at its extremity, of a gigantic silk-cotton-tree, the straight stem of which measured its height against the opposite precipice, and was hardly surpassed. When the waters

flowed, there was a fine cascade at this point, and the general beauty of the spot made the cotton-tree noted; indeed it was a trysting-place for lovers, and had many legends.

One might have supposed that the grassy side of this chasm had been gently sloped away on purpose, to let the beams of the western sun glow on the steep side. At any rate, one easily perceived that, had there been no slope, some of the most gorgeous of tropical views would never have been known.

But if the fair-weather aspect of this gully was beautiful, it was in its war-paint or stormy dress frightful and desolate. The winds roared up and down it as if it had been formed for their boisterous diversions. The waters, rapidly collecting off the hillsides, made there a general confluence, and poured along it with irresistible force, leaping over obstacles and downfalls, and making such a tumult as nothing but the voice of the wind could overbear. The shrubs bending before the blast, and the agonized groaning of the trees above as their branches were wrenched round or torn from the trunks, had their part in the wild scene; and the volume of water, not dropping, but streaming from the clouds, made a mist which robbed objects of their outlines, and brought obscurity to intensify the effect. The darkness of the clouds was doubly dark by contrast with the usual brightness, and the glance of the lightning through the awful gloom was almost too much for mortal senses.

When Sandy Chisholm and his party made their way to Broadrent Gully, a heavenly evening seemed to deny the possibility of an elemental war having raged there recently. The beams were gilding the precipitous faces, and there bringing out the hues of paradise; there was not wind enough to stir a leaf; only the brawling torrent—which, though much diminished in bulk, had not yet run out—bore testimony to the convulsion that had been.

As they approached the silk-cotton-tree, Sandy Chisholm, elder as he was, was the first to catch sight of something remarkable, and to rush forward. The others, following quickly, assisted him to raise from the earth the object of which they had been so long in search—the beautiful Arabella, silent now and motionless. Was it possible that she could yet live? Her garments and hair were soaked with wet; the form was stiffened; and as her head hung over the father's arm, it was seen that the large gold drop in the ear had been melted into a shapeless mass,

while the other drop retained its form. The hair, too, had the appearance of being singed. "My God!" sobbed out the old man, "she's been thunderstricken." It was even so.

I have forbore to quote more from this melancholy part of the story. The reader must imagine the consternation and the distress caused by the sad event. One so lovely and so apparently fortunate taken away by such a miserable death! The next morning, soon after sunrise, Arabella Chisholm was laid in the earth; and not many weeks after, was reared over her the tomb which visitors to that part of the island are to this day taken to see.

The monument was for a long time a great gathering-place for the black people, especially the female, who asked every educated passer-by to read to them the inscription. Patience and Iris had one evening heard it from the mouth of a white person, and were proceeding to moralize on it.

Iris. Dem tell out for her fader name big; why dem say noting about her modda?

Patience. Chaw! de modda isn't of no consequence. 'Posing a pusson's fader big man, any creecha will do for a modda.

Iris. Den, when your buckra come marry you, perhapsin you will bring him gubnas, an' big plantas, an' marchants? eh, Patience?

Patience. Perhapsin' so; no make for you fun, Iris, here by de nyoung missy grave.

Iris. Me is not making fun, my dear. Only don't tink too much upon black Billy till after de fus' one come all safe; for fear de pickninny complexion 'poil.

Patience. Hei! for you mouth too big! You really black, Iris; I not remark it before; I tink you was only bery dark brown.

Iris. Who dis you call black? * You

* The definable mixtures of races were (perhaps still are), in Jamaica, classed as follows:—

White and black produced a mulatto.

White and mulatto produced a quadroon.

White and quadroon produced a mustee.

White and mustee produced a mustafina, who was white by law, if not in fact.

A mulatto and a black produced a sambo, and, as one easily perceives, the proportions of white and black blood might be varied *ad infinitum*, and the differences between some of them would be so slight, that to distinguish them would be most difficult. Nevertheless, every addition of white blood, though to a European it might have seemed inappreciable, was greatly prized and boasted of by the possessor. Nature not seldom declined to put her sign to these additions, and the actual color seemed to belie the genealogy. Thus a Quadroon would now and then be almost white,

fader black, you modda black, you huncle black, you haunt black, you broda black, you sista black — eberything alongs to you black as the debbil.

The remainder of the conversation had better not be recorded.

Mr. Spence, hurried on by strongly roused feeling, which he mistook for the promptings of duty, and really sickened by so many sad scenes and events, took his passage for England; but when he had been a short time at sea, and his morbid feelings had somewhat worn off, he began to sea that he really had but little reason to dare Clifton to mortal combat. The disappearance of the ensign from Jamaica had at first certainly opened a way for the prosecution of Spence's suit; and if Arabella had survived, might have proved greatly to Spence's advantage. Spence had only jumped at the conclusion that Clifton had behaved ill; he had no proof of it. Upon the whole he thought he had better hear Clifton's story before he condemned him; and after this his thoughts became less and less bloodthirsty. He did, however, immediately on his landing, seek out Clifton, who by this time had exchanged into another regiment, and was by him so kindly and courteously received, that he at once blamed himself for entertaining doubt of Clifton's integrity; and the ensign was so frank in all he had to say, and evinced such genuine sorrow at the heavy news which Spence brought him, that all thought of disagreement vanished. From Spence it was that Clifton learned particulars of what had happened in the island since his departure. Most anxiously did he inquire every particular of the sad events to which Spence could bear such ample testimony, and Spence told him all that was known concerning Arabella's illness, explaining that what took place at Higson's Gap had been partly communicated by Mammy Cis, and partly learned from the slaves about the place. Clifton heard all with an interest and an emotion of the most lively kind, seeming to have no thought for any other subject. When Spence told of her death and the attendant circumstances, the ensign was greatly overcome, and for a long time could not

continue the conversation. When at last he did so, he asked in a faltering voice the exact date of the event; and on being informed, he exclaimed, "Good God! how wonderful!" Clifton then recounted to Spence the details of an extraordinary occurrence which had happened to him at this very date, which details he had recorded at the time. (The record is attached to the MS., but it will suffice here to give the heads.) It appears that Clifton was thinking over his Jamaica sorrows, and his mind was filled with thoughts of his still dear Arabella. Of a sudden he lost the consciousness of what was around him, and was, or fancied himself, in a tropical scene which was quite strange to him, but which he graphically described. There he saw his beloved girl pale and dripping with wet. She told him this would be their last meeting and fell senseless on his breast. He was in an agony of grief, and greatly perplexed as to what should be done. After a moment's thought he judged it necessary to lay her down on the ground and to seek assistance. When he moved he discovered that a tempest was raging of which until then his mind was too much occupied to take account. A tremendous peal of thunder shook the earth and deprived him of sense and motion. When his spirit came back to him he was in his apartment, as before, with the recollection of this vision so vivid that he was fain to write it down. It is remarkable that this record describes Broadrent Gully, which Clifton, in the flesh, had never seen.

Clifton had not much to tell Spence in return for his intelligence; but one little noteworthy item he did communicate, and it supplemented strangely the fulfilment of the predictions announced by Mammy Cis. Lieutenant Dix had left the service suddenly, and, at the first, mysteriously. After he had disappeared it came out that a very fraudulent transaction had taken place, which might have led to worse consequences than Lieutenant Dix's retirement from his Majesty's service. The "Berkeley Castle" had, it seems, on the same voyage which has been described in this narrative, brought to Dix a letter, which gave him great delight. It was signed with the name of a London merchant of the highest character, and it authorized the lieutenant to use the said name as a means of obtaining money accommodations from Mr. Henriquez at Montego Bay, who has been mentioned above. Henriquez at once cashed bills for Dix to a considerable amount. The latter had

while a Mustee might be very dark indeed. Accordingly, a brown (*i.e.*, in Jamaica a *colored*) person might lay claim to a lineage not warranted by complexion, or might be gifted with a complexion which the lineage would not justify. Here was a fertile source of wrangling, quarrels, and revilings! What proverbially we are said to do sometimes by the devil, a brown person was always ready to do by his fellow — that is, to make him blacker than nature had painted him.

lost heavy sums at cards and on the race-course, and could not meet his engagements until this timely assistance became available. It was then supposed that remittances, which he had bragged that he could obtain from England, had arrived, and that his affairs were straight again. He had, before this, tired out the patience of his friends at home, and had his own reasons for expecting that his bills might be returned dishonored. But he had fancied that, after his first strait was passed, he could infallibly make money enough to redeem the paper, if the worst should come; and the bills could not be back for a long time. He was disappointed—as is not infrequent with such clever youths. The bills came back at last; and what was worse the London merchant on whose recommendation they had been cashed, disclaimed all knowledge of the drawer. The truth was, as Dix confessed to Henriquez, that the letter was written by a nephew of the London merchant, a friend and schoolfellow of Dix, who bore the same name as his uncle. It was not, therefore, a forgery, but it was a fraud. Henriquez, after Dix opened his breast to him, very generously declined to take any proceedings, and said he would leave it to the honor of Dix's friends to make good the loss. But, unfortunately, the matter got wind; and Dix's colonel dropped heavily on him, and made him retire, to avoid a court-martial. And Henriquez got his money after a while.

Instead of mortal enemies, Clifton and Spence became fast friends. Spence wrote from England several times to Miss Salmon, who had been always a faithful ally of his. When he went back to Jamaica, he renewed his acquaintance with her, and began to perceive that he had never half appreciated her merits. Clifton received, with much pleasure, before he embarked for India, the news of their having become man and wife. At intervals of years he met them again and again, and to the end of his days kept up a correspondence with them. From them it was that he heard of Mr. Chisholm's death, years after Arabella's, and of the estate passing to a distant relative; also that Mammy Cis was still alive, very little changed, and likely to live, as many of her countrywomen do, to the age of a hundred.

I must not omit to mention that the overseer of Higson's Gap did at last turn his charms to some account. He had left Mr. Chisholm's service, and taken a place under another planter, equally rich, and

maintaining very much the same sort of establishment. This new employer got very wet at a cock-fight, and had a long dispute about a bet, which prevented the change of his apparel until after he had got chilled. Two days after, he was in a raging fever, suspected that it was all over with him in this world, and felt very uncomfortable about the next. There was a handsome slave-girl in the house, who occupied very much the same position as Mammy Cis at Blenheim. This woman he manumitted formally, and then made a will, bequeathing to her all his large property, making our friend the busha an executor, and informing him of the dispositions which he had effected. That being settled, he desired the busha to read the Bible to him; and a mutilated copy of the Scriptures having been, after a search of some length, extracted from a lumber-room, the busha tranquillized the sick man's mind by the description of Solomon's temple. After this preparation, the planter sank and died. While they were laying him out, the busha, who was a Briton born, proposed to the heiress to take her to church and marry her. She thought more of having a real buckra for a husband than of all the wealth that had become hers, and closed at once with the offer. In a week they were man and wife. The busha was a good deal baited at first about this connection; but he was a plucky fellow, and did not allow disparaging remarks about the step which he had taken. After he had shot one friend dead, and lamed another for life, society conceived rather a high respect for him and his wife. His name has not been mentioned here, because descendants of his are alive to this day. They remained wealthy as long as the island flourished, and have furnished councillors, judges, and colonels of militia for generations. All of them have fiery hair, curling very crisp, and the sun tans their skin a bright red.

The friendship of the Spences and Cliftons descended to the next generation; and as Clifton (*my* friend Clifton, I mean) often says, the memory of it won't die out as long as there's a bottle of this splendid Madeira forthcoming.

From The Saturday Review.
THE FOHN.

A MONTH ago English lakes were frozen, Scotch railways were blocked with snow, and Londoners were rejoicing, let us hope,

In the realization of a conventional winter. To some persons the severe weather suggested a flight to regions where existence of the sun had not become a matter of dim tradition. To others, and, for the nonce, let us say more virtuous, persons it appeared that an admirable opportunity was presenting itself for seeing true winter in the region where winter should be most imposing. Newspapers had announced that the winter was so severe in the Jura that herds of wild swine were descending into the villages; nay, it was said that wolves had presented themselves at railway stations. It was impossible not to feel some pity for these unfortunate animals, driven, it would seem, to eke out their miserable existence by picking up the remainder biscuit at a buffet. One could scarcely grudge them a stray porter to relieve such a diet; but it might be hoped that no danger would result to passengers if the windows of the carriages were closed, and there was little temptation to open them in such weather. In fact, neither wolves nor wild boars presented themselves. And so it came to pass that the January sun rose one morning upon a small party of tourists and guides breaking their fast upon a lofty ridge of the Titlis. Though in mid-winter, and at a height of some eight thousand feet, the travellers were seated upon a patch of grass, and the cold was not sufficient to cause any discomfort. During the remaining climb of some two thousand five hundred feet, which was rendered laborious by the quantity of snow, they complained a good deal more of heat than of cold. But the view had already a strange beauty which would have reconciled them to anything short of downright bodily pain. To all appearance they were looking over a vast ocean. It is only at a very few points where high mountains approach the shore that any such view can be gained of an actual sea. Far away in one direction was a group, as it seemed, of purple islands, representing the higher ridges of the Black Forest. The Jura, on the west, looked like a vast promontory, a "Land's End," running out far into the waters from some hidden continent. In the landward direction it retired behind some of the mountains — green pasturage for the most part in summer, but now savage wastes of snow except where broken by precipitous rock — which rise south of the Lake of Lucerne. Such a picture may present itself occasionally in Arctic seas, where rugged peaks rise steeply along the coast. The illusion was strangely perfect, for the so-called sea

was as uniform and apparently consistent as though it had been genuine water, and the play of light and shadow exactly mimicked the grey and purple stretches of the ocean-flow seen on a misty day from some prominent headland. To realize the fact that it was nothing but the upper surface of a vast mass of vapor, covering the whole lower country, for hundreds of square leagues, it was necessary to look at what ought to have been the coast line. The valley of Engelberg might have represented a deep fiord running into the high country. But, here, where the cliffs should have dipped into level water, the cloud ocean terminated in light feathery mist, wandering vaguely through the higher zones of pine forest. Thus sunlight and a moderate degree of warmth might be enjoyed by any one at a height of some three thousand feet above the sea; for that was about the upper level of the mists; whilst the dweller in the plains looked up to a dreary roof of vapor and was exposed to the bitter cold of a genuine winter.

Such weather as is implied by these conditions lasted for a considerable time in Switzerland; and it may be well for travellers to bear in mind the probability of such a combination. Travellers, it is true, are scarce in the winter Alps, though the growing popularity of Davos shows that they have a real charm even at this season. The highest peaks, indeed, lose much of their beauty; the uniform snow hides the glaciers; and they no longer stand out in solitary majesty above the inferior ranges. They are, strictly speaking, accessible; for an English lady ascended Mont Blanc in January two or three years ago, and an American gentleman climbed the Schreckhorn this year. The snow does not, as a rule, gather heavily upon the higher and steeper ridges, though here and there it makes them more dangerous; and the main objection to high ascents in the winter is that the long, cold nights enormously increase the discomfort of sleeping out. But moderate walks are perfectly easy, and have a peculiar charm of their own. Huge cliffs draped from base to summit with vast curtains of icicles, pine forests lapped in their becoming dress of white robes and grotesque mittens, harsh lines softened by the graceful contour of a snow-field, the monotonous greens changed into the exquisitely delicate hues which the snow alone can display — these and other charms peculiar to the winter season often give it a clear superiority to the summer. The form of a broad mountain valley

seems to be more delicately modulated, when every rock or chalet is hidden under a gentle dome of snow; and, as a prismatic cloud passes over the sun, the vast undulating surface suddenly arrays itself in a shifting play of color as brilliant and subtly blended as those of an opal. Nor is there any serious difficulty as to material comfort. The snow may form deep drifts and lie in continuous masses up to a considerable height, but communications are kept open or rapidly restored after a fall; innkeepers are more hospitable than in the season; and paths are trodden, not only to the highest dwelling-houses, but up to the forests for the convenience of the woodcutters. If, above this point, the traveller has to wade knee-deep or waist-deep in snowdrifts, and to be careful in avoiding the possible tracks of avalanches, the lover of scenery will hold it a small price to pay for many new sensations.

But we have not quite done with the Titlis. That respectable mountain is peculiarly easy of access, as is proved by the fact that it was climbed early in the last century. The early climbers had not that severe hatred of all exaggeration which is the prominent virtue of their successors; and, not content with declaring the Titlis to be the highest mountain in the Alps—and that with the giants of the Oberland frowning right over their heads—they added the picturesque circumstance that when they were on the summit they saw a huge valley of ice stretching from their feet the whole way to Mont Blanc. We would hope that the solid Archdeacon Coxé, to whom we owe this detail, may have slightly misunderstood his informants. The view, however, is a very fine one, though stopping a little short of "Jerusalem and Madagascar;" but, on the occasion of which we are speaking, one part was strongly obscured. Northwards the sky vault above the ocean of mist was pure and stainless. Scarcely a breath of wind whispered round the highest rocks. But the huge mass of Oberland peaks, generally so conspicuous, was blurred and indistinct. There was no positive or defined cloud; and yet, if one gigantic form loomed into distinctness for a few seconds, it presently disappeared into mysterious shadows. It seemed as though great tracts of the atmosphere in that direction were somehow ceasing to be transparent, and changing into an opaque and formless white. The meaning of the phenomenon was simply that the *Föhn*—the warm south wind, hated by mountaineers, and with better reason than they can assign for

some of their hatreds—was breathing upon that region like the blast from a furnace. A violent wind in the mountains is not amongst the risks ordinarily taken into account. What passes for a very moderate gale by the seaside is a rarity in the Alps. A *tourmente*, however, when it blows across an exposed ridge or down a gulley in the right direction, is no joke; its influence is disastrous, though its area is limited; and such a vague blur as now showed itself upon the Finster Aarhorn was all that appeared upon Mont Blanc when eleven travellers and guides were bewildered and frozen to death upon the Calotte. Doubtless such a storm in winter might be a still more dangerous enemy; but, in the lower regions, the influence of the *Föhn* is of a different kind. It had already been blowing for some days when it thus blotted out part of the view from the Titlis. It announced its unwelcome presence one morning by whistling in a disagreeable and petulant fashion round the eaves of that most desirable winter quarter, the "Bear" at Grindelwald. The same afternoon the whole of the long valley which descends from the Scheideck to Meiringen was sensitive of its presence. High up, beneath the huge cliffs of the Wetterhorn or Wellhorn—the cliffs which have been painted till the view has become almost tiresome in its familiarity—the snows were still externally as pure and beautiful as ever. The glades through the pine forest were still exquisite under the undulating snowbeds; the basins scooped by the wind under the huge trees and the domes above the scattered boulders were as perfect as ever. But the snow itself had suddenly changed its consistency. It was in the condition dear to schoolboys who want a match at snowballing. It caked into heavy masses with surprising facility. To wade through it was as troublesome as to walk through honey; great balls gathered round the ends of alpenstocks like the lumps of molten iron which a puddler draws out of a furnace; and, after crossing the well-known plain below Rosenlauri—that plain where, as Mr. Ball says in his "Guide," it is usual to see several artists engaged in the hopeless but exciting task of painting the Wetterhorn—a ghastly change was revealed. What is to be said of a journey from London to the Alps in search of the perfection of winter when the winter has, so to speak, slipped through one's fingers? "*Où sont les neiges d'antan?*" as the poet pathetically inquires. All gone away in *die Ewigkeit*, like Hans Breitmann's

party; or, rather, changed into a vile collection of sloppy, dirty puddles, slowly trickling down the hillsides into the rushing and rapidly swelling Aar. Alas! here was a wretched compromise between winter and summer; no snow, but also no verdure. The hillsides for many hundreds of feet have discharged their burden; the snow has slid off them in great sheets, forming small avalanches; the grass below is withered, and looks as though it had been scraped with a harrow. The icicles are rattling down by tons at a time off the black rocks' faces above the Reichenbach. Up in the Urbach Thal, beneath the giant cliffs of the Engelhörner, a perpetual canonade is going on. The frost has been ornamenting them all winter through by its delicate lacework wherever a thread of water trickles across them in summer. Delicate as it looks it is massive enough in reality, and now it is descending in avalanches to the valley; and at every minute a small puff of powder is followed by a loud report, echoing far and wide along the flanks of the mountain.

In fact, the valley of Meiringen is a funnel so placed that the *Föhn* blows down it from the Grimsel with peculiar vigor. When it had been completely bared of snow, it was only necessary to cross the low pass of the Brüning, which diverges at no great angle but is protected by a mountain ridge, in order once more to come into the unbroken reign of winter. But Meiringen in the midst of winter is parched by the hot wind; the roofs of the houses have discharged their burdens of snow; every gutter has become a stream; and the stranger imagines that the torrents which descend by the town and which the inhabitants have been embanking with laborious patience, are likely to overflow and cause fresh mischief. The real danger is of a different kind, and the traveller is soon informed of the fears of the inhabitants. If he walks into the street smoking, he is warned at once that to smoke during the *Föhn* is a punishable offence. If he asks for fresh bread at an inn where all other comforts are provided, he is told that the baker has not been allowed to light his fires whilst the dangerous wind is blowing. The village is, or rather was, constructed entirely of wooden houses, and when they are parched and a steady wind blowing, it is obvious that to set a stray spark flying may be in reality to set fire to a prepared train of touchwood. He acknowledges the reasonableness of strict regulations. He feels rather glad to get out of a place in which so constant a danger seems to be always

present to the minds of the inhabitants, and yet he imagines that where so much care is taken the danger can hardly be serious.

Unfortunately we have heard within the last few days that at last the care has been fruitless. There were few more picturesque villages in the Swiss Alps than Meiringen, and it is dear upon many accounts to innumerable tourists. A large part of it is now a mere heap of ashes, and many families of an industrious population are homeless and ruined. Switzerland, too, is suffering like other places under the prevalent distress; and the woodcarving which is the staple employment of the valley is of course one which suffers very quickly where people have to retrench superfluous luxuries. The moral which some people will draw will doubtless be that the inhabitants of a valley exposed to the *Föhn* ought not to live in wooden houses, placed carefully end to end in the direction of the wind. It is certainly to be hoped that that reflection will suggest itself to whomsoever it may concern when the village is being rebuilt. But it may also be worth saying that the present race has been only doing what its forefathers have done for many generations, and that it has certainly not been reckless in the sense of neglecting any feasible precautions, except that of entirely rebuilding its houses. And perhaps so thinking, they may, if they are lucky enough to have superfluous funds, bestow some slight fragment of them upon the sufferers from this very serious catastrophe.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
NOSTRADAMUS.

ZADKIEL may have been deceived by the stars; but the reputation of Nostradamus, who charmed the leisure hours of Catherine de Medicis in her château of Chaumont, remains intact, if we are to believe his recent commentators, the abbé Thorné-Chavigny and M. Guillaudin. These gentlemen have recently been squabbling over the correct rendering of portions of the "Centuries" of the astrologer who left on record, contained in nine hundred and forty-six quatrains, all the remarkable events which were and which are to succeed each other between the years 1559 and 1999. The abbé, who has been a student of Nostradamus, has this advantage over his rival, that he can present certificates. In 1858 he published a work

on the "Centuries," showing that Napoleon III. would strike his flag and fly to London; and he saw MacMahon between the empress and the republic. So great was his faith in the astrologer that he refused to believe the rumor of the marshal's death in 1870. He immediately wrote: "If dead and buried, he will rise again; for he is the English chief, the English prince spoken of by the prophet, who is to sojourn too long and to have under his orders the princes of the blood and the marshals of France," etc. In 1870 the abbé, always by the light of the "Centuries," was able to announce the death of Victor Emmanuel, who would be followed to the grave by Pius IX.; that Leo XIII. would succeed Pius IX. in the lifetime of Henri V.; and that Muscovy would diminish Turkey and attempt to throw her back into Asia. The abbé declares that the Archbishop of Rheims and the Bishop of La Rochelle both heard him say at Paris in 1867, *à propos* to the quatrains on the Universal Exhibition, "The Krupp cannon will take Paris." Having (as he says) announced a thousand extraordinary facts, the abbé Thorné-Chavigny declares that he has acquired a greater authority than other commentators of the great prophet. What with the abbé and M. Guillaudin, we have a series of very remarkable interpretations, making every allowance for the ambiguous style in which prophecies are usually uttered. Not to go further back than the close of the last century and the commencement of the great Revolution, the commentators show us that Nostradamus saw in the heavens the whole of that tragedy, and predicted many of its more minute details. The fate of Louis XVI., for example, is foretold in a remarkable manner, the following quatrain alluding to the arrest of his Majesty and the royal family at Varennes:—

Le part solus mary sera mitré;
Retour, conflict passera sur la thuille
Par cinq cens; un trahyr sera tiltré,
Narbon et Saulce par quarteaux avons d'huile.

The first line, being interpreted, means that the king alone shall wear the red cap. The second line and half the third foretell the attack on the Tuileries of the 10th of August by five hundred Marseillais, and the rest of the quatrain the betrayal of the king by the Comte de Narbonne and by Sauce, the grocer, of Varennes, who received twenty thousand francs from the Convention for hindering the evasion of Louis XVI. Prophesying the fate of Marat, Nostradamus alludes to the "angel of

assassination" as *la Corneille*, which is curious, considering that Charlotte Corday was the grand-niece of Corneille. He also writes of the blood-stained statue: tyrant murdered and people praying. And no sooner was Marat slain than statues and altars were erected to his honor all through France and people invoked the "blessed heart of Marat."

Nostradamus, too, predicted the inventions of Montgolfier (Montgaulfier, as he wrote the name), and the employment of a balloon at the battle of Fleurus; and in the same quatrain the plunder of the pope between "two rocks," Rome and Avignon. In the sixtieth quatrain the advent of Napoleon I. is thus foretold:—

Un empereur naistra près d'Italie,
Qui à l'Empire sera vendu bien cher.
Diront avec quels gens il se ralie
Qu'on trouvera moins prince que boucher.

The prophet also read in the future the success of Bonaparte at Toulon, from which place he would drive a people that would afterwards be hurtful to him, and that his tyranny would last fourteen years. It lasted fourteen years five months and four days. From a simple soldier, Napoleon, born near Italy, and more of a butcher than a prince, was to become emperor, to be valiant in arms, and to vex the Church.

To come down to still more recent events, Nostradamus foresaw the flight of Louis Philippe, and that he would repose at Dreux to see if the revolution would accept the regency. His remains now repose at that place. It will be remembered how M. Emile Ollivier, on the 15th of July, 1870, in pronouncing the declaration of war with Germany, spoke of commencing hostilities with a light heart. Nostradamus predicted this and all that ensued in his eighth century, thirty-fourth quatrain, in these words:—

En grand regret sera la gent gauloise.
Cœur vain, léger, croira témérité.
Pain, sel ne vin, eau venin ne-cervoise,
Plus grands captif, faim, froid, nécessité.

Nor did the captivity of the French army and its suffering from cold and hunger escape the astrologer. In quatrain 43 he describes the advent and the fall of Napoleon III. thus:—

Par le décide de deux choses bastards,
Nepveu du Sang occupera le règne,
Dedans Lectoyre seront les coups de dards,
Nepveu par peur pliera l'anseigne.

By the death of two bastard things the prophet meant the constitutional mon-

archy and the republic of 1848. As regards the last line of the quatrain, "The nephew shall strike his flag in fear within Lectoyre," it will be remembered how Napoleon III., without consulting the commander-in-chief, General de Wimpffen, ordered the army to surrender. Lectoyre is the anagram of Le Torcy, a faubourg of Sedan. Nostradamus, too, caught a glimpse of M. Gambetta in his visions; for, after perceiving the downfall of the second empire, he beheld a "*grand exercice conduit par Jouvenceau*"—or a great undertaking led by a youth, and the armies surrendering to the enemy. M. Gambetta was thirty-two years of age when he assumed his dictatorship. He is called by the prophet Bragamas, which is the anagram of Rabagas with an "m" too much. M. Thiers evidently troubled the visions of Nostradamus on many occasions. He alludes to him under the name of Hister (anagram of Thiers) in several quatrains. His election is thus foretold:—

La liberté ne sera recouvrée,
L'occupera, noir, fier, vilain, inique,
Quand la matière du pont sera ouverte
D'Hister Venise faschée la République.

M. Thiers became president before the territory was liberated or recovered, and, curiously enough, when in power he was often alluded to as the *sinistre vieillard* (noir). He was proud, of low birth, if not unjust. The "*pont*" is an allusion to the golden bridge built for the Germans to induce them to retire, and Venice means the Legitimists being angry with the republic, the Comte de Chambord having long inhabited that city. Nostradamus also beheld M. Thiers laying waste an unhappy republic, or putting down the Commune, for his sixty-fourth quatrain runs thus:—

La République misérable infelice,
Sera vastée d'un nouveau magistrat.
Leur grand amas de l'exil maléfice
Fera Sueve ravir leur grand contract.

The last two lines refer to the satisfaction of the Suevi or Germans at having taken so many French prisoners. In another quatrain Hister is described as encountering wild beasts, the Germans looking on—"*quand Rin enfant Germain observera.*" Now, during the Commune the Germans occupied several of the detached forts round Paris, and they are popularly supposed to have indulged freely in champagne while observing the blazing capital.

As concerns the future, Nostradamus not only assures us that the two towers of the Palais du Trocadéro and the new Opera

will fall down, but he gives us an insight into even more important matters. Referring again to M. Gambetta, he says that

Un dubieux ne viendra loing du règne,
La plus grand part le voudra soutenir.
Un Capitole ne voudra point qu'il règne.
Sa plus grande charge ne pourra maintenir.

Which clearly means that the chief of the Opportunists, whose policy is unsettled and tortuous, will nearly attain power. The majority in the Chamber would like to elect him, but the Capitol, or Senate, will not; nor will he be able to hold his position. Another quatrain predicts that the three illegitimate parties in France—the Imperialists, Orleanists, and Republicans—will quarrel, and that the Duc de Bordeaux, now Comte de Chambord, "*Le Grand Selin*," so called because Sélène was an old name for Bordeaux, will arrive. The Orleanist party is alluded to as the greatest, because it is nearest to the legitimate monarchy, at the same time as least in importance; and we are told that it will keep its ears open to take advantage of anything which may turn up. This is certainly a wonderful description of the present position of the party in question, which has almost entirely dwindled away, and which is in a state of expectancy resembling that of Mr. Micawber.

If we are to believe the great prophet the revolution is destined to end in 1881—the year after the septennate of Marshal MacMahon was to have been brought to a close. Can it be that M. Grévy will not last more than two years? In the death-throes of the revolution Paris is to be destroyed, and, according to the interpretation of M. Guillaudin, Lyons will then become the capital of France. The abbé Thorné-Chavigny, as a clerical, holds, however, in favor of Avignon. As he reads Nostradamus, Henri V. will disembark at Marseilles from a steamboat ("*le feu, ou la vapeur, par des tuyaux mettra en mouvement le navire*"), and will conquer Napoleon IV. MacMahon will offer his sword to the king. The Orleanists will efface themselves. There will be a revolution in Germany, and Alsace and Lorraine will raise the white flag. The English will be conquered and lose their preponderance at sea, Henri V. "driving those pirates from the waters." His Majesty will then restore to the thrones of Spain and Naples their legitimate Bourbon sovereigns; he will pacificate Germany and terminate the Eastern question by capturing Constantinople and occupying Egypt. Added to this, Greeks, Arabs,

Russians, Jews, and Protestants are to be converted. There will be one fold under one shepherd, peace on earth, and good-will to men. With regard to the Duc de Bordeaux, Comte de Chambord, or Henri V., the prediction of Nostradamus is curious enough. After forty years of exile he is to reign for forty years. He was driven into exile on the fall of Charles X. in 1830, and forty years later he returned to France (in 1871) and visited Chambord. Nostradamus probably thought that the Royalist Chamber of Bordeaux would have proclaimed the Restoration, but in this he was in error; and it is now very unlikely that Henri V. will reign, if he ever does reign, for forty years. In 1881 he will be sixty years of age, and Mr. Thoms would never hear of his reaching one hundred. At the death of the king we are promised another republic, without any "Terror," which will be replete with all the blessings of the mildest monarchy, the influence of the great king surviving him. In September, 1999, will come the end of the world, and the dead will rise from their graves.

Two great prophets — Nostradamus and Malachi — have therefore fixed the day of judgment at about the same period. The former specifies a date, while the latter says that "the tremendous Judge will judge the people" when Petrus Romanus sits in the pontifical chair — the twenty-ninth pope, dating from Alexander VII. Leo XIII., alluded to by Malachi under the motto "*Lumen in calo*" (probably because there is a comet in his coat of arms) is the twentieth pope. The world is therefore to witness the reigns of eight more pontiffs before the second Peter and last pope ascends the throne, and should any of them, like Pius IX., exceed the "years of Peter," the list may not be exhausted before the date given by Nostradamus. Nine teen pontiffs occupied the Holy See for two hundred and forty-four years; there remains ten to reign for one hundred and twenty.

We may mention, in conclusion, that Nostradamus plainly predicts that London as well as Paris will be destroyed, that England will be the scene of a great social revolution, and that the Prince of Wales, much regretted by his mother, will fall fighting against the Socialists and a foreign foe. The prophetic quatrain runs thus:—

Le prince anglais, Mars à son cœur de ciel,
Voudra poursuivre la fortune prospère;
Des deux duelles, l'un percera le fiel,
Hay de lui, bien aimé de sa mère.

And were not the decrees of fate irrevocable and our belief in Nostradamus and his commentators unlimited, we might at once begin to take precautions against an event which must be close upon us.

From The Saturday Review.
TROUSERS POCKETS.

ONE of the numerous cruel devices conceived by women consists in sewing up the trousers pockets of boys who have a trick of putting their hands into them. Such a proceeding is doubly pleasing to women. First, it gratifies their instinctive love of inflicting petty punishment; and secondly, it affords them the indescribable pleasure of depriving the opposite sex of a privilege and comfort exclusively its own. Trousers pockets may not constitute the most romantic portion of what Americans call garmenture, but they not the less form a highly characteristic feature of the male costume of the period; and if poets have not yet immortalized them in verse, it is not from having failed to make much personal use of them.

In every nation, and in every stage of social progress, some special attitude of semi-repose is adopted, which may perhaps best be described as a non-official "standing at ease." Thus the Neapolitan leans against a wall, the Spaniard folds his arms, the Eastern sits cross-legged, and the African squats. In the United States fingers seem to derive rest and refreshment from whittling bits of stick, and the old Quakers found repose in twirling their thumbs. The Cavalier rested his left hand upon the hilt of his sword, and thrust his right hand into his doublet, and in the days of the Regency one hand found repose beneath the coat-tails and the other recreation with an eye-glass. The favorite position of the First Napoleon was with one hand within his waistcoat and the other behind his back, and less distinguished personages seem to find consolation in twirling their moustaches, biting their nails, or even scratching their faces. It will thus be perceived that, while some attitudes of temporary indolence are graceful, others are very much the reverse. It must, however, be remembered that the inspired Watts assures us that the angel under whose patronage idle hands are placed is a fallen one. To enlarge upon the varieties of "mischief still" which he finds for them to do might not be easy, but it is less difficult to point out the places which he finds

for them to put themselves in. We have described a few of the favorite attitudes of other nations and other times than our own, and we may add that the special position of ease dear to Englishmen in these days is to stand with their "idle hands" in their trousers pockets. It is true that the fashion of habitually "wearing the hands in the trousers pockets" has long since passed away with the peg-top trousers which made it exceptionally convenient; but, although no longer customary in ladies' society, the practice is still dear to the Briton, and it is much indulged in when men are emancipated from the company of the opposite sex. As all roads lead to Rome, so do all movements of the hands of some men seem to lead eventually to the sanctuary of their pockets, and between these receptacles and their fingers there appears to be a strong natural affinity. When men had swords to rest one hand upon and loose doublets into which to thrust the other, it was easy enough to be graceful; but now that we have neither swords nor doublets, and are severely buttoned up, our trousers pockets are the only available crevices in our ungainly garments. We have not even easy gauntlets into which to slip our hands, and the gloves of the period are an occasion of constant torture and anxiety. The habit of placing our hands in our pockets is therefore a simple exigency of costume. With the exception of our faces and our hands, our whole bodies are clothed. As we cannot see the former, the only members which are apparently naked are our hands. Being generally gloved in public, they never feel well assured of their decency when uncovered, and so they instinctively seek their only available shelter. Then, again, Englishmen generally seem to regard their hands as inconvenient additions to their bodies, of which they are ashamed and of whose use they are ignorant. It is therefore an important consideration to find a place in which to stow away these ungainly incumbrances, and they like to keep them hidden in their pockets, ready, like their coppers or their pocket-knives, for any sudden emergency. We are well aware that there is little grace of curve or outline about a man standing with his hands in his pockets; that his attitude savors strongly of undue self-confidence, and that it may tend to his moral deterioration. Indeed we may say that we fully admit the custom of thrusting the hands into the pockets of the trousers to be gravely objectionable, and are quite unprepared to defend it upon any moral or

artistic ground whatever; at the same time honesty and a love of veracity compel us to allow that such a position is extremely comfortable. There is a profane saying that most things which are nice are either wrong, expensive, or unwholesome; and we do not claim for the consoling practice in question that it can fairly escape from being placed in the first of these categories. The most celebrated authority on the subject of meditation gave it as his opinion that there was no definite and exclusive rule as to the position of body most conducive to that exercise; that some people could best meditate when standing, others when sitting, kneeling, walking, and so on. If he had lived in our own day and county, we think he would have added, "and Englishmen meditate most easily when they have got their hands in their pockets." There were times when men had a habit of tapping their heads when short of ideas. As the old stanza has it:—

You knock your head and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you will: there is nobody at home.

In these days they search their pockets with an equally laudable motive, and, too often, with an equally futile result. We remember a well-known Oxford don who spent three-fourths of his waking existence in apparently searching for a fourpenny bit in his trousers pockets, which, up to the present date, there is no evidence of his having found. In his lectures, in his studies, at chapel, and in his walks abroad this employment seemed to refresh his mind and afford him considerable gratification, and most of his pupils will ever associate his memory with this inelegant habit. The same custom is much affected by many legislators, not so much in addressing the House as in the smoking-rooms and lobbies. The British bar, too, seems to derive much inspiration from it. Perhaps no men are so much addicted to tricks of manner as barristers, and, among other peculiar habits familiar to our law courts, that of placing the hands in the trousers pockets has been adopted by counsel until it has become quite a legal practice.

The use of the trousers pockets as a depository for the hands is a custom which savors both of vulgarity and impudence. Under certain circumstances it both implies a slight and suggests defiance, and is almost more offensive than any other attitude that a man can take. On the other hand, it may be urged that there are times when it is perfectly admissible, as being suggestive of familiarity and friend-

ship. There are occasions when the act of lying upon a sofa would be an unwarrantable breach of decorum, and there are others when it would be consistent with the strictest etiquette. So, likewise, may the thrusting of one's hands into one's pockets be a deliberate insult or an allowable proceeding, according to surroundings and circumstances. There are various ways of indulging in this habit, including many gradations between vulgarity and refinement; and we do not think that the most copious letterpress, accompanied by numerous illustrations, could define them exhaustively. It would be hard to say when this practice first became general. We can recollect the time when a venerable arrangement of the male attire precluded anything of the kind, and when the right trousers pocket was dignified by the name of the "fob." The introduction of a rude hand into this highly respectable niche would have sadly disarranged the studied adjustment of the three inches of ribbon which suspended from it a large bunch of seals and watch-keys. Nor had the youth of the period any temptation to trousers-pocket their hands, as those vestments reached to within a few inches of their chins, and, if they contained pockets at all, they held them almost out of reach.

As regards the origin of the trousers pocket, we are inclined to think that it is a lineal descendant of the old waist-belt, into which were stuck swords, knives, pistols, and pouches. The modern trousers pocket is still the usual receptacle of the knife; we have known it to contain a pistol, and it commonly holds the purse or pouch; and although a belt, with its scabbard, dirk, and wallet, may sound better in poetry than trousers pockets, we do not know that it is one whit more deserving of honor, or that it is in reality more romantic. The most curious specimen of trousers pockets that we have ever seen was the property of a small boy. It was evident from their exterior that they were not kept for empty show. When the owner was called upon to disgorge their contents, the wonderful things which were produced from their depths surpassed description. Pieces of string, sugar candy, gun-caps, chocolate, a dead mouse, a half-eaten apple, and some elastic bands constituted but a small portion of the curiosities which were drawn slowly out. Such a spectacle made us determine that, although the question of putting one's hands into one's own pockets might be to a certain extent an open one, no consideration would ever induce us to put our hands into the pockets

of a small boy. It may be well, however, to be on our guard against an even worse contingency than putting our hands either into our own pockets or into those of an unclean urchin — namely, that of a person of kleptomaniacal tendencies putting his hand into ours.

People of an æsthetic turn may possibly think that the subject of trousers pockets is not a large one; but in this world simple things often carry with them stronger associations than others which are more complex or more dignified, and familiar objects which are constantly in use, be they ever so insignificant, are more bound up with our daily life than some philosophers might care to acknowledge. For instance, how completely one we feel ourselves with some pencil-case, note-book, eye-glass, or watch-chain, which we have used and carried about us for years! It seems almost as much a part of our bodies as our fingers. In former times, when people stayed much at home, parts of their houses were equally dear to them. They loved their roof-trees, and they swore by their hearths. Now we place screens before the latter, and let, hire, sell, mortgage, and travel to such an extent, that but few of us have very touching associations in connection with any one fireside. Wherever we go, however, we yet retain our trousers; and while other household gods become more and more neglected, we still cling fondly to those pockets which we filled with all sorts of messes in our childhood, and which afford us consolation in our riper years.

From The Saturday Review.

CARNIVAL AT NICE.

INSULAR in our holiday-making, as in many other of our manners and customs, we English have got so accustomed to our peculiar English bank-holidays that we are apt to forget the more universal holidays set apart all over Christendom for fun and frolic. Of these none is more widely observed than Shrove Tuesday. Its observance is not confined to Roman Catholic countries. Even in steady Protestant Switzerland folly is on that day allowed to have its fling; nay, even begging is not only winked at, but actually encouraged. In Zurich the *Sechseläuten* is a privileged time, when beggars may go from door to door asking alms till noon; while all the afternoon pageants parade the streets, in which the bear of Berne and the lion of

Zürich are ever the most conspicuous figures. But, of all the countries of Europe, Italy bears the palm for carnival-keeping; and Nizza, though its name has been Frenchified, has not changed its nature, and still clings to its Italian traditions in this respect. The favorite haunt of Parisians and Russians, Nizza, or Nice, has many attractions to offer with which the other watering-places along the northern shore of the Mediterranean cannot compete. It has wide streets, good shops, a theatre, and, above all, Monte Carlo within an hour's run by rail. And not the least among these attractions is the way Nice keeps carnival. In this it proudly claims to be second only to Rome. The carnival at Nice has a great reputation all along the coast. The visitors at the English colonies on either side who have been all winter submitting to a dreary round of mild gaieties in the way of tea-parties, charity concerts, and church-building bazaars, are eager to seize on a pleasure that is at all events new, and swell the crowd of spectators, even if they do not take a more active part in the mummeries. The native population, with whom keeping carnival is the only religious duty to which they cling tenaciously, having vainly tried to get up a carnival in their own towns, take a holiday and hurry off to Nice to help in keeping the festival there. Excursion tickets are issued at the railway stations, and excursion trains are run. All the trains arrive about two hours late; but no one thinks of getting impatient over the delay, taking it as a matter of course that the carnival must turn everything topsyturvy. All the hotels and boarding-houses in the town are filled to overflowing, and a stranger, arriving haphazard at this festive season, will plead in vain for a night's lodging, unless he has taken his rooms beforehand. Now, as of course such a concourse of visitors brings great gain to the townsfolk, it becomes a matter of great weight and moment to insure that the carnival be kept in such a manner as not to disappoint the expectations of the pleasure-seekers, and to keep up the credit of the town in this its special boast and glory. An affair of such importance can in no wise be left to individual caprice. The municipality take it up and offer prizes, some of them amounting to several thousand francs, to be competed for by the mummers. The natives eagerly seize on this opportunity of earning local distinction, and begin their preparations long beforehand, and carry them on with the greatest secrecy, each one hoping to burst

forth on the appointed day, glorious in a disguise of his own imagining that may outshine the devices of his neighbors. To be pointed out and remembered in time to come as the man who at the last carnival made such a capital lobster or dragon, is considered ample recompense for all expenditure, time, and trouble.

The revels last three days. But, as it would be beyond the powers of human endurance to keep on dancing and shouting or to stagger about under cumbrous and suffocating disguises for three days consecutively, Monday is used as a break between the wild excitement of Sunday and the tumult of Shrove Tuesday, when the rioting reaches a climax. Monday, therefore, is devoted to the mild and innocent dissipation of donkey-races. This exciting sport comes off on the drive round the strand, which, under the name of the Promenade des Anglais is the great boast of the Niçois. There is as much fussing and flourishing made about the poor donkeys as if they were running for the Derby. As nothing can happen without the intervention of the army in some shape or other, a detachment of soldiers is brought out to keep order. Their business is to suppress the roughs and make them keep in the background; but they make the most of their brief authority by refusing to allow any one, even on the plea of business at the hotels that face the scene of action, to pass at all. So strict are they that it almost seems as if the donkeys would have to race without any admiring witnesses of their exploits. But as the essence of the whole fun is to collect as great a crowd as possible, their too great zeal is at last rebuked, the cordon gives way, the crowd presses forward with a rush, and in a few minutes there is not an inch of standing-room on either side the way for a stretch of a good mile and a half. After the donkey races, the battle of flowers begins. It is then the correct thing for as many of the inhabitants as can get a vehicle of any sort to drive up and down the Promenade des Anglais for several hours, greeting their acquaintances as they pass by dashing a bunch of flowers in their faces—a salutation which is immediately returned with interest. These bouquets, which for the most part are composed of a half-a-dozen withered violets tied up with a handful of green leaves, generally fall wide of the mark they are aimed at, and are picked up by a swarm of boys, who rush in and out between the carriages on purpose to catch the falling posies, which they immediately sell to

some one else at prices varying from two-pence to a franc, according to the astuteness or simplicity of the purchasers. It is one of the rules of the game that all the carriages are decorated, but the decorations are of so simple a sort in most cases that you would never take them for ornaments unless you were told they were. Flowers at Nice are rare, and the season is so backward that the flowers there have scarcely begun to unfold. Therefore, though here and there you may see a carriage wreathed with mimosa and camellias, or smothered in violets even to the spokes of the wheels, they are few and far between, and the usual simple plan is to swathe the equipage in a pinafore of white calico adorned with strips of colored calico sewed on at intervals all over it. To and fro pass the carriages with unwearied diligence, tossing bouquets from hand to hand as if they were playing ball. Only now and then the line is broken by a horseman in singular attire — a dragon-fly, perhaps, gorgeous in yellow satin, with his burnished gauze wings flashing in the sunlight as they open and close with the motion of his horse; or a red Indian, whose disguise is so perfect that at first sight you feel quite staggered to see him venture out in broad daylight in a full undress of feathers and beads. Such are the few and simple elements of the day's amusement. They would seem quite idiotic in our chilly northern land. But, somehow, the blue background of the Mediterranean seen through the palm-trees that overshadow the parade; the dash of the waves breaking on the shore at a few paces' distance, dashing up showers of pearly spray to the very feet of the laughing, chattering, jostling, but still always good-humored, crowd; the melodious accents of the Provençal and Italian tongues; the handsome faces, picturesque costumes, and graceful motions of the people, give a charm of poetry and sprightliness to the scene that quite makes you forget the childishness of the sport.

Monday's sport, however, is but an interlude. Shrove Tuesday is the all-important day. On that day every one has a holiday. Even the washerwomen are released from their seemingly hopeless labor of trying to cleanse the garments entrusted to their purifying powers by perpetual plunging in the very impure waters of the Paillon. The whole town wakes determined to enjoy itself. Nothing daunted by rain above and wind below, the population sally forth armed for the fray. Those who are not masquers wear wire guards all over their

faces, with throats and ears muffled up so that not an inch of skin is left exposed, with huge satchels of *confetti* slung on apron-wise before, each one bearing a little tin scoop in his hand, much like a doll's coal-scuttle, fastened on a cane, that being the approved projectile for discharging these same *confetti*, which are simply pills the size of hailstones, and quite as hard, of plaster of Paris. The only assistants at the ceremony who are not allowed *confetti* are the troops who line the streets along which the masquers pass, and as most of them are mere boys, they feel the deprivation deeply. Indeed, masses of *confetti* that gather like snowdrifts in the lowered hoods at the backs of the carriages are too tempting to be resisted. The young soldiers furtively seize great handfuls of them, and join right heartily in the frolic. All along the Corso and the Rue S. François de Paul, up and down which the chief performers — those who are competing for the prizes — are bound to pass a certain number of times, the windows, balconies, and even roofs, are crowded with spectators. All trade is at a standstill. Every dweller in the street is eager to turn an honest penny, or rather an honest louis, by letting every available inch of space to the strangers who have gathered in the city; the bric-à-brac shop here, the *boucherie* there, the *laiterie* further on, are none of them recognizable to-day, having been converted by dint of much colored-calico tapestry into private boxes for the three days' show. The street is crowded from wall to wall; you think there is scarcely standing-room, much less room for passage. Suddenly a gun goes off, the signal that it is two o'clock, and that the games have begun, and then, slowly making their way down the street, the crowd opening to let them pass, there appear a medley throng of quaint figures and mediæval cavalcades, that look like all the actors from all the Christmas pantomimes turned adrift in broad daylight. Then towering in the distance, so tall that its top is swept by the banners hanging from the top-story windows, looms a great erection as fearful as the car of Juggernaut. As it passes, the great ball at the top suddenly expands like a flower bursting, its bud of flames breaks out with a horrible report, and quite a shower of demons is tossed up into the air, to the great delight of the crowd. The taste of the populace is still mediæval in its tone; and no pageantry finds grace to-day that does not deal largely in flames and devils and boiling pits and all the tra-

ditions of the infernal regions. This is one of the great cars competing for the largest prize. Immense pains are spent on these cars; and, even when the prize is gained, it scarcely covers the outlay for machinery and costumes. Sometimes they teach a great moral lesson, as in one instance where the spirit of wine seizes on its victims, old and young, men and women alike, and plunges them without pity into a cauldron of boiling pitch. Next in importance to the cars rank the cavalcades — troops of a dozen or so on horseback, all dressed *en suite*. One band, perhaps, is a troop of knights; another, a pack of cards; another, a set of jumping jacks, and so on. But there is more humor displayed in the get-up of single walking figures. Here may be seen a colossal lobster, with the knapsack on his back and the shako on his head indicating the skit intended at an English soldier; there an enormous oyster is silently and sadly edging his way through the crowd; while carrots and turnips, flower-pots with lilies, gigantic pansies, roses with elves sitting in them, massive bouquets of violets, are all walking about on their own account, as such things only do in fairy-land. A procession headed by

a writing-table and followed by a dozen chintz-covered armchairs is perhaps the most startling of all, and looks as if the Niçois had brought to a high state of perfection that old-fashioned form of spiritualism which uses furniture as mediums. As they pass the tribune in front of the prefecture, the winners of the prizes are presented with banners, which they flourish about triumphantly till the setting sun warns every one that it is time to think of dinner. By this time the mud in the streets has been converted into a thick white paste of *confetti*, and coats and hats present a pitiable spectacle. After a lull of an hour or two the fun begins again more furiously than ever. The streets and carriages are illuminated, wild bands rush about with flaming torches in their hands, while the stars of the *moccoletti* form brilliant rings over the heads of the crowd. Before midnight Carnival is burnt in effigy, and then the merry-making is over, and the bands of mummers make their way home, flashing their torches in the faces of all they meet, and singing songs of adieu to the carnival that will not spring to life for another year.

UNDER the direction of the United States Hydrographic Office, Lieut. Commander F. M. Green, U.S.N., and the officers under his command, have during the last four years been engaged in determining exactly secondary meridians of longitude by means of the submarine telegraph cables in the West Indies and South America. The result of the West India work in 1874, 1875, and 1876 was the determining the latitude and longitude of a large number of points in the West Indies with the utmost possible exactness; and during the past year this work, of the greatest value to geographical and geodetical science, has been continued by making a chain of telegraphic measurements from the Royal Observatory at Lisbon, by way of Madeira, St. Vincent, Pernambuco, Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, and Monte Video to Buenos Ayres, there connecting with the observatories of Cordova and Santiago. This chain is perfect, with the exception of one link on the coast of Brazil, where the cable was broken, necessitating the procuring of new cable from England; but its completion will be effected before the computation of the observations already made can be

finished. The method used for determining the latitude was in all cases that of the zenith telescope, brought to great perfection by the United States' Engineers and the Coast Survey; that for differences of longitude, the comparison by repeated telegraphic signals of two chronometers at the ends of the telegraph cable, determining their errors both before and after the comparison by numerous transits of stars over the meridian. All that is needed to make the work of the last year perfect and complete is the telegraphic determination of the differences of longitude between the Greenwich and Lisbon observatories, and the completion of the imperfect link on the Brazilian coast, both of which will be done during the coming year. Until the observations have been carefully discussed, the results as compared with former determinations cannot be known exactly, but a preliminary computation indicates that the longitude of the coast of Brazil is laid down about three or three and a half miles too far west, this westerly error being indicated in a less degree in the longitudes of Madeira and St. Vincent.